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# The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL  
FIRST PRIZE MEDAL (PARIS, 1889).  
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## THIRD EDITION. "THE PEOPLE" OFFICE. Saturday Evening.

### LATEST TELEGRAMS.

#### THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL. Attempted Assassination of the Minister of Marine. A Provisional Government Formed.

RIO DE JANEIRO, November 15.—An insurrection has broken out here, aiming at the overthrow of the Imperial Government and the proclamation of a republic. The army supports the movement. A Provisional Government has been established, which comprises, among others, De Faria and Benjamin Constant.

WASHINGTON, November 15.—The Brazilian Minister here, in reply to a request for information regarding the reported outbreak of a revolution, said that he had received no official intelligence on the subject. He, however, stated that he knew of a Republican movement in Brazil, but was of opinion that its strength throughout the country had been over-rated, although it was possible that things might have changed in Brazil during recent months.

11 p.m.—An attempt has been made to assassinate Baron de Faria, Minister of Marine. Some of the soldiers, who have revolted, fired three shots at the Minister, who fell seriously wounded, but his condition is not regarded as dangerous. It is believed that the question of the future form of Government will be submitted to a plebiscite.

CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAMS.

NEW YORK, November 16.—The American consul at Rio de Janeiro has informed Mr. Blaine, secretary of state, that the revolutionists yesterday attacked the house of the Brazilian Minister of Marine, whom they afterwards killed. The Brazilian legation here has received no information as yet regarding the affair.

Strange to say the Brazilian Minister at London, Baron de Faria, has been in Paris for the last six months, and the charge d'affaires is also out of town. On our representative making inquiries at the consular-general's office to-day, what truth there was in the above report, he was told that no official information had been received there, and the consular-general's only information was what was in the newspapers. Our representative informed him that private telegrams had been received in London confirming the news, and that remark evoked no reply and caused no surprise. Asked his opinion on the subject, he politely declined to venture any opinion, and when informed that the Brazilian Minister at Washington had given his opinion confirming it, he remarked that the telegram he had seen came from New York. We have reason to know that information of a revolutionary movement in Brazil was rumoured in certain Stock Exchange circles in the City last night, and these were confirmed from Washington this morning.

#### TERRIBLE EXPLOSION. Loss of Six Lives.

NEW YORK, November 15.—During the progress of some blasting operations near Butte, Idaho, on the Northern Pacific Railway, a premature explosion occurred, causing the death of six men.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PARIS, November 15.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and Prince George, arrived here this morning.

#### FATAL FALL OF A HOUSE NEAR OLD KENT-ROAD.

The Beehive public-house, Coburg-road, Old Kent-road, collapsed last evening, with a fatal result. The Beehive is an old house, and Mr. W. H. Bratt, builder and contractor, of 40, Old Kent-road, has been employed to make alterations in it. During the work the licensed victualler's business was carried on as usual, but for the protection of the public a hoarding breast high was erected around the frontage, with an aperture sufficiently large to permit customers to enter. On Monday last a heavy iron girder was fixed in position above the bar and immediately below the first floor of the house. From time to time during the alterations the old wall forming the frontage has been renewed when the district surveyor visited the premises on Friday. At half-past eight on Friday evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, the manager and his wife, were serving three customers in the bar, the front of the house fell out, carrying with it the floor above, furniture, gas fittings, and everything attached thereto. The crash alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Those within the house were exposed to the full view of those without. Terror-stricken by the suddenness of the move, although they were, for a time, unable to move, although unharmed. Two children, who had a moment previously been at the doors of the tavern, without the knowledge of those within, were buried in the wreckage. They were Louise Mary Ann James, aged nine, of 140, Coburg-road, and James Edwin James, aged 18 months, her brother. When they were got out the baby was dead, but the older child was alive, though seriously injured, and was removed to Guy's Hospital.

#### THE CHARGE OF FORGING A POLICE SUMMONS.

At the Thames Police Court on Friday, George Campbell, 57, secretary of the Burdett Friends of Labour Loan Society, and living in the East India-road, Poplar, again surrendered to his bail on the charge of forging a police court summons. It was alleged that the accused caused to be served on persons who had loaned from the society documents purporting to be summonses issued from that court.—Mr. J. R. Sayer proved that no such summonses had been granted to the defendant.—Mr. Lushington committed the accused for trial.

#### STRIKES IN 1889.

In a report on the strikes and lock-outs of 1889 issued by the Board of Trade the following, among other statistics, are interesting. The total number of strikes during the year was 509, affecting 118,288 persons, but the number of actual strikers was 87,764. The number of successful strikes was 249, and the partially successful 94. Under these two heads 53,390 persons were affected. The amount expended by trades unions in strikes was £23,722, being at the rate of 2s. 4½d. per head on membership. There were only eight lock-outs, affecting 965 persons.

## THE LONDON LABOUR DISPUTES. Threatened Strike of Omnibus Men.

A crowded meeting of tram and omnibus men was held at an early hour on Saturday morning at the Hatching Liberal Club, in support of the action of the London Road Car men. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., and among those present on the platform were Mr. T. Sturges, Mr. E. Stapley, Mr. Oaten, and Mr. Collingwood. Sir Charles Russell said the meeting was the second that had been held, having for its object the assistance of the tram and omnibus men. He was there as one of the public to express his sympathy with their movement. It had been said that there was among them men who hardly knew the face of their own children—(shame)—and that they were totally incapacitated by the long hours they had to work from associating with their children and with their families. Fortunately they lived in days when no grievance could long remain hidden when it was a substantial grievance, and when the light of public opinion and free discussion was brought to bear on it. Even if the demands of the men were unreasonable, it should be stated and publicly discussed. The advice that he would give the men was that there should be no hanging back. (Applause.) They were doing nothing to be ashamed of, and he thought it would be the best plan to show that they were not afraid of showing a bold front. Mr. Ben Tillett, after apologising for the absence of Mr. Burns and Mr. Tom Mann, said he thought their meetings showed great physical weakness, for under the present condition of things the men could not obtain as much relief as the tram horses. If the directors gave the men the same relief that they did their horses it would be all right. He thought it was a very strange thing that very often the children of the men asked when their father came home who that man was. (Applause.) He trusted that the time would come when they would not have to hold midnight meetings, but would be able to hold meetings earlier in the evening. (Applause.) He advised combination, and in conclusion proposed a resolution in favour of twelve hours a day.—The Rev. H. B. Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, seconded the resolution, and said he thought that even twelve hours a day was too long for men to work.—A further resolution in support of the movement was proposed by Mr. Stapley and supported by Mr. T. Sturges, and after speeches by some of the men belonging to the omnibus and tramway companies the meeting concluded.

#### The Bakers' Strike.

The operative bakers of the metropolis number about 10,000, and the master bakers about 2,700. It is known that at least 1,300 masters have accepted the men's platform, and as these masters employ the greatest number of hands it is estimated that not more than 2,000 out of the 6,000 men belonging to the operatives' union will be directly affected by the strike which commenced on Saturday. With regard to the 4,000 efficient operatives who have refused to join the union, the strike committee will assume an attitude of non-interference beyond using legitimate means to induce them to enter the unionists' ranks.

#### Another Strike of Lightermen Threatened.

It seems that the lightermen are not yet satisfied with the concessions which have been made them. In Lord Brassey's award it was provided that a day should be twelve hours, and this was construed as a movable twelve hours, the limits of which should be determined by the tides. The men now demand that it shall commence at a fixed hour, say six, seven, or eight o'clock. According to the masters' account, they also ask for payment from the time they leave their homes. The Union Lightermen Company, employing some 150 men, have been given time to consider the matter, when, if the concessions asked for are not made, the men, it is said, will come out. The Thames Steam Tug and Lightermen Company, employing 250 men, Vokins and Company, employing 150 men, and also A. J. Humphreys and Company, have all received similar intimations, though no given time has been offered them for the consideration of the demand.—The London and India Docks Joint Committee on Friday night, issued a statement that there were still difficulties existing at the docks, between the labourers and the company, and that they were now threatened with a general strike at all the docks under the management of the Joint Committee, if the foremen and clerks maintained their determination to refuse to enter a union.

#### Strike at Blackwall.

The men employed at Messrs. Turner, Blewett, and Co.'s oil mills, Blackwall, struck work on Friday, owing to the refusal of the firm to pay a standard rate of wages, or to pay for meal times. The present pay is 3½d. to 5½d. per hour for skilled labour in the mills, and 4½d. for yardmen. The Blackwall branch of the Dockers' Union has issued a placard requesting all men not to apply for employment during the strike. The export oil trade just now is very busy.

#### The Threatened Strike at Tilbury.

The threatened renewal of the strike at Tilbury Dock has been averted. A telegram was received by the executive of the Labourers' Union from the strike committee, ordering that the labourers were not to strike on Friday as previously directed. A majority of the men was in sympathy with their foremen and with the clerks, and threatened to leave the union if again called upon to come out.

#### MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM WESTMINSTER.

The mysterious disappearance of Alfred Smith, butler at the Deanery, Westminster, is causing fears among his relatives that he has been the victim of foul play. His brother, who is a convict stable at the House of Commons, says that Alfred left the Deanery about one o'clock on the 5th of November, leaving his belongings and overcoat behind him, and has not since been heard of. He is 25 years old and unmarried, and is described as a sober, well-conducted servant, who has held his position seven years.

#### SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST SOLICITOR.

At Bow-street Police Court on Friday, Thomas Smith Ashwin, aged 60, of Oxford and Cambridge Mansions, Marylebone-road, a solicitor, was again remanded, charged with contravention of the Bankruptcy Act, by failing to disclose and deliver up all the property under his control, and the books relating to his affairs. Bail was for the present refused.

## THE ALLEGED LIBEL ON MRS. BESANT. Summing-up.—The Result.

On the resumption of this case in the Queen's Bench Division on Friday, Mr. Baron Huddleston, continuing his summing-up, remarked that when they came to look at the book, the "Fruits of Philosophy," published by the plaintiff and Mr. Bradlaugh, it did not require the verdict of the jury to show that it was an obscene book; but they must look at the work to see what was in the defendant's mind when he wrote these paragraphs. They must also look at plaintiff's book, "The Law of Population," which was intended to take the place of the "Fruits of Philosophy," and see what the plaintiff said on this matter, and what the defendant said in her book, in which she quoted the "Elements of Social Science," in which the defendant saw passages which he thought were destructive of morality. Having quoted passages from "The Law of Population," his lordship said he could not believe it possible that husband and wife would sit down to discuss such matters, or that any pure-minded or modest woman would have resort to such practices. He could not imagine anything more disgusting, and when one of the jury called attention to the fact that there were women present, he merely repeated the phrase of a celebrated judge. It was, however, a question of taste, and it was not a savoury subject. Mrs. Besant said that when she wrote her book upon marriage she was smarting under the unjust state of the law relating to the position of man and wife. She was entitled to that explanation, but she did not give it in her book, and all the defendant had before him when he wrote the alleged libel was that she had written on the subject, and on this only could he judge of her opinions. In her book on marriage she said that looking at the position of woman based on a wife and mother, it was quite evident marriage was a disadvantage, and described as the keynote of the moral marriage the case of Shelley, having a wife living, living with another woman, and of George Henry Lewis and George Eliot (Miss Evans), who lived together, although Mrs. Lewis was living. There was another work of Mrs. Besant's which he should not be discharging his duty as an English judge were he not to reprobate in the strongest manner—viz., the collection, with personal history, of chapters and verses of the Bible which she considered obscene, and their publication under the title of "Is the Bible Indecentable?"—The jury retired at half-past eleven o'clock to consider their verdict. On returning after a long absence the foreman said there was apparently no probability of their agreeing.—The Solicitor-general: Nothing has been said about a verdict of a majority.—The Judge: Would the plaintiff take the verdict of a majority?—Mrs. Besant: If I did so I should prevent myself from going to a higher court. Mr. Baron Huddleston said he did not think so, but if the plaintiff was not prepared to take the verdict of a majority, and as there was no chance of the jury agreeing, they would be discharged.—The jury were discharged accordingly. (Other details will be found on page 9.)

#### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

##### Meeting at the Mansion House.

A meeting in support of the City of London Branch of the Imperial Federation League was held at the Mansion House on Friday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, who, in opening the proceedings, remarked that as that was the first public meeting at which he had presided since his election he desired to say that it would always be his duty to assist in every way in his power the trade and commerce of this great city and country, and he did not know how that could better be done than by federation with our colonies. He moved, That the attention of the citizens of London should be invited to the recent establishment of the City of London branch of the Imperial Federation League. He asked for their support by becoming members and by subscribing.—Lord Rosebery, in seconding the motion, said the movement did not come one moment too early. Trade followed the flag, and the English flag must be maintained. He had always held that Imperial Federation was really inaugurated by the Colonial Conference summoned by the Government in 1886 at the instigation of the Imperial Federation League, and he looked to a settlement of this question in the renewal of the conference, to which the most representative men should be invited. He looked forward to a time when this country and the colonies might be able to supply to each other all that they needed.—Cardinal Manning said he believed they were promoting one of the most vital interests of their common country in seeking universal federation with our colonies, if not in diplomacy at least in heart and will.—The motion was agreed to unanimously.—Sir Robert Fowler moved a second resolution, expressing his belief that the meeting of representatives of self-governing communities of the empire, at the invitation of the Government, was a complete success, and conveying to the Government its opinion that it was undesirable that any long interval should elapse before a second conference was summoned, and asking that an invitation should accordingly be issued by the Government at an early date.—Lord Carnarvon seconded the motion, which was supported by Lord Brassey, and carried.

#### ALLEGED POCKET-PICKING OUTSIDE THE GAITY THEATRE.

At the Bow-street Police Court on Friday, a young man named Peter Albert, aged 18, was charged with stealing a purse containing 3s. 3d., belonging to Mrs. Ayres, Lancaster-square, Hyde Park.—It was stated that the prosecutrix was, with her brother-in-law, awaiting admission into the Gaity Theatre. She took out her purse to purchase a paper, but her brother-in-law paid, and she replaced her purse in her pocket. Shortly afterwards Detective Payne asked her if she had lost anything. She replied that she had not. He said, "Are you sure?" She then discovered that Payne had been watching the prisoner owing to suspicious aroused the previous night when the theatre doors were opened. The prisoner pushed forward and was seen to place his hand in the prosecutrix's dress pocket. He then got out of the crowd and walked rapidly away. Payne followed him and brought him back to the police court, and found her purse in the prisoner's pocket. She was desirous of not charging him, but was told that she must do so.—The prisoner was remanded.

Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P., his wife, and party left London on Friday for Egypt.

## RAID IN THE WEST-END. Recovery of Stolen Property. Three Arrests.

The Press Association states that the police of the C (Piccadilly) Division on Thursday initiated a "plan of campaign," which has been instituted by the authorities against the thieves and "fences," or, in other words, the receivers of stolen property, who have recently become so notorious in the West-end. The raid resulted in the arrest of three persons, and the recovery of a considerable amount of property supposed to have been stolen.—Detective-inspector Stroud (Criminal Investigation Department), assisted by Detective-sergeants Allen, Tallis, Storey, and Gregory, effected the raid. As a result of recent investigations, Inspector Stroud on Thursday attended before Mr. Newton, the magistrate at Marlborough-street Police Court, and obtained a search warrant, the objects stipulated therein referring to various articles of property for the most part belonging to carriages. Armed with the warrant the officers proceeded to the suspected house, a marine-store dealer's in Tower-street, St. Martin's-lane, about three o'clock in the afternoon. When the officers entered they found both father and son in possession, and both were at once placed under detention. The search which was instituted resulted in the confiscation, for the purpose of evidence, of an enormous amount of property, which required several pair of horses to remove it to the police court in Marlborough-street, where it was detained. It comprised, amongst numerous other articles, carriage shafts, wheels, springs, cushions—in fact, all the important component parts of the vehicles turned out in the carriage manufactory—old lead, night lights, aprons, and tools used in the carriage and other industries. The prisoners had no opportunity to offer resistance, and were forthwith charged with receiving stolen property, and subsequently lodged in Vine-street Police Station. In the meantime a third arrest was effected, that of a labourer to a large firm of coachbuilders in Long Acre, who subsequently identified some of the property as that missing from their firm. It is expected that several other arrests will follow.

#### Proceedings at the Police Court.

At the Marlborough-street Police Court on Friday, George Trees, 36, a blacksmith, of Isabella-street, Lambeth, was charged with being concerned with others not in custody in stealing three pairs of shafts, two cushions, a driving cap, a waterproof apron, two poles, and other articles, together with a horse, from his employers, William Brooks, 56, and Benjamin Brooks, 21, his son, marine-store dealers, of Tower-street, St. Martin's-lane, were charged with receiving the goods well knowing them to have been stolen.—Detective-inspector Stroud, of the C Division, said that, having obtained a search warrant from the court, he visited 21, Tower-street, at half-past three o'clock on Thursday afternoon. He found the elder Brooks in the shop, and questioned him as to his identity. He replied that he was Benjamin as William Brooks, and pointed out his name as his son. The inspector told him that he had come to search the shop, and also the one next door. Sergeant Tallin and other detective officers then entered and proceeded with the examination of the premises. The result was that the goods mentioned were discovered. In addition they found and took away a quantity of jewel cases, bracelets, watch keys, fire-irons, silver-plated forks, tins, night-lights, bell glasses, a sealink jacket, and other articles, the value of which the police have not yet had time to make an inventory. The father and son were taken to the police station, where Trees had previously been taken. When the elder Brooks caught sight of Trees he exclaimed, "That is the man I bought the carriage fittings of."—Mr. Morris, foreman to Messrs. Morgan, said that during the month of August Trees was directed to remove a quantity of carriage fittings from one of their establishments to another. Amongst them were three horse-drawn carriages, and a quantity of harness produced by the police.—Inspector Stroud wishes it to be known that the property seized can be seen on application at Vine-street Police Station, between the hours of ten and four.

#### ACCIDENT AT A LONDON MUSIC HALL.

The Press Association states that a serious accident occurred on Friday night to a female acrobat at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, Westminster Bridge-road. For some nights a young lady, who is described in the bills as Middle, Alphonine, the Spiral Ascensionist, had been giving performances at the above hall with varying success. A portion of her entertainment consisted in propelling a large ball on to the structure, the feat successfully once or twice, and on Tuesday slipped off the globe and only saved herself by clinging to the iron supports of the spiral platform. On Friday night, whilst going through her performance, Middle, Alphonine again slipped, and fell on to the iron supports. These she attempted to cling to, but lost her hold, and fell heavily on to the stage beneath. There was immediately a rush to the unfortunate woman, and she was taken behind the scenes. The extent of her injuries remained unknown, but as she fell heavily on her back it is feared they are of a serious nature. The hall was crowded at the time, and the accident caused great consternation and alarm.

#### THE ACTION AGAINST MR. BARNUM.

The action in the action of Katti Lanner v. Barnum and others, for an injunction to restrain Mr. Barnum from allowing to perform, and the two other defendants from performing at Mr. Barnum's show at Olympia, was mentioned to Mr. Justice Chitty on Friday, for the purpose of an adjournment till next Friday, affidavits in answer having been filed too late to enable affidavits in reply to be made. The motion was accordingly adjourned.

#### MR. GOSCHEN AT CARDIFF.

Addressing a large Unionist gathering at Cardiff on Friday, Mr. Goschen, who was enthusiastically received, said he hoped the example of Bristol would be followed in closer union between both sections of the Unionist party. At the Anchor Society dinner Lord Rosebery talked such twaddle on foreign policy that he had not read the speech he could scarcely have believed it. He claimed that the present Government had passed measures of benefit to the whole community, and as to the future he trusted that no weakness would come across the last years of this Parliament. As to Irish policy, the country must decide whether it would have Mr. Gladstone, controlled by Mr. Parnell.

## THE BURGLARY SEASON IN LONDON.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court on Friday, George Taylor, 24, and Louisa Cooper, 21, of Park-field-street, Islington; Thomas Smith, 38, a general dealer, of White Conduit-place; and Henry Taylor, 50, of Albert-terrace, Clerkenwell, were charged on remand with stealing from the shop No. 34, Upper street, Islington, twenty-eight pairs of boots, the property of Jesse Westcroft. The prisoners were further charged with receiving articles of jewellery, clothing, plate, &c., well knowing them to have been stolen. They were arrested by Detective-sergeants Drew, Dyke, and Hearne, at their lodgings on the 7th inst., when a large number of stolen articles, which formed the proceeds of several burglaries which have been committed in different parts of London, were discovered. The property consisted of watches, chains, gold necklaces, brooches, forks, spoons, umbrellas, gloves, silk wrappers, and many articles of wearing apparel. In George Taylor's room a box containing two skeleton keys and some housebreaking implements were seized, and Smith, on being apprehended, had two skeleton keys in his pocket.—Evidence was given by four householders, who identified different articles among the stolen property.—Mr. John Walker, of 11, Alexander-road, Hornsey, identified a coat which had been stolen from his house.—Mr. G. Eustace, of 5, Park-street, Willesden, stated that his house was broken into on Sunday evening, November 3rd, when a silver watch, a set of gold studs, some spoons, and several handkerchiefs found in the possession of the prisoner Cooper.—Mr. W. G. Drake, residing at No. 147, Fentiman-road, Brixton, said that on the evening of Sunday, October 27th, his house was broken into and some drawers in his bed-room were ransacked. He identified some of his property found at Smith's lodgings.—Miss A. Marshall, of 57, The Grove, Camberwell, identified an umbrella found in Henry Taylor's possession, which was stolen from her house on the 4th November.—The prisoners were further remanded for a week.

#### Under the Bed.

At the West Ham Police Court on Friday, Louisa Cantrell, 16, a servant girl, of Ridley-road, Dalston, was charged with feloniously breaking and entering a dwelling-house in Chesnut Cottages, Walthamstow, and stealing therefrom a silver watch and chain, some beads, a pair of earrings, and other articles, the property of John Clarke. Mr. J. Willis appeared for the accused.—The prosecutor, it appeared, left his house safe on Thursday morning, and in the evening, when his daughter returned, she noticed a light in one of the front rooms. As she entered she saw a noise upstairs, and in a back bedroom she saw the prisoner under the bed. When she came out, Cantrell took a shoemaker's knife from her pocket, and rushed out of the house. As she went across one of the fences a neighbour called out, "Who is there?" and the prisoner answered, "It is only me, Mrs. Baker." The police were called. On the bed were found a hat and a scarf that the prisoner had been seen wearing.—Mr. Willis, for the defence, submitted that there was no evidence of housebreaking. The prosecution would plead guilty to a charge of larceny.—The prisoner was sent to goal for a month, with hard labour.

#### FATAL EXPLOSION.

By the bursting of a steam-pipe in the boiler-works of the Naval Construction and Armament Company's Works at Barrow, on Friday, the men were severely scalded. Connelly, one of the men, died in the evening, and another, one of the men, died in the evening. When the pipe burst the men were taking their breakfast. The pipe was a new one, and had been in use only about three weeks.

#### THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

Some differences having arisen between the proctors for the promoters and the respondent in the Bishop of Lincoln's case, Sir James Parker, K.C., vicar-general of the Province of Canterbury, has fixed Tuesday next for the parties to appear before him in his room at the Law Courts, with a view to finally settling the pleadings, so as to get the case tried on its merits as speedily as possible.

#### LEGAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST LADY DUNLO.

Mr. Romer, Q.C., mentioned to Mr. Justice Chitty on Friday, a motion in an action of Harv v. Lady Dunlo, who performs at music-halls as Miss Belle Bilton. The motion was for an injunction to restrain the defendant and her sister from performing at a theatre at Manchester, they being, as alleged, under agreement to perform at a theatre at Bradford. Mr. Romer asked to be allowed to "save" his motion till next Friday. Mr. Maclean, Q.C., for the defendants, although preferring that the motion should be at once heard, said his friend was quite within his rights and assented to the course proposed.

#### A BIGAMOUS MARRIAGE.

At Bow-street Police Court on Friday, a respectable dressed woman attended before Mr. Vaughan and applied for advice with reference to a man with whom she went through the marriage ceremony nineteen years ago. She was then engaged in the city, and made his acquaintance. He represented himself to be a widower. They continued to live together for some time, and she had eight children, four of whom were now living. She discovered that he had been previously married, but he induced her to refrain from instituting proceedings against him as it would be his ruin. He afterwards went away from her; but had sent her some money—sometimes two shillings a day.—Mr. Vaughan: How long since has he stopped sending you money?—The Applicant: He sent me half a crown this week; but I have four children to keep.—Mr. Vaughan: How do you know that he has not sent as much as he can?—The Applicant: He keeps his mother, and has two horses and a cab. He is a cabman. He says he is not bound to keep me, as he is not married to me, and was married already.—Mr. Vaughan: Is his wife alive?—The Applicant: He says so; but I cannot tell where she is.—Mr. Vaughan: Do you know where he was married?—The Applicant: He said at St. John's Church, Wandsworth.—Mr. Vaughan: Well, you know the whole case must be inquired into. If it is the case that he begged of me not to proceed, and said that he would do what he could for me; but he knows me about when he sees me. It was only on Thursday that he ran after me with a knife.—Mr. Vaughan: Well, I cannot grant you a summons for maintenance. You must consider whether you can get the proofs of his former marriage. Tell him if he does not give you some adequate support you will proceed against him.



## TALES OF THE TOWN.

By E. F. SPURRELL.

### XII.—LUNATIC ASYLUM ATTENDANT.

"To the male attendant of —. I have set you out, you —, and I will trap you yet."

It was unexpectedly unearthing this note, dated three years back, at the bottom of my box, that gave me the idea of writing this sketch. Some people may on its receipt have felt uneasy and have hurried past dark corners and always avoided an unlighted room, but the only effect it had on me was a momentary shrug of my shoulders, to be followed by consigning the small piece of paper to the chest with my other relics of mad life. I knew from whom it came, although no name was attached, for it was only one of a few dozen threatening letters I had received, and several of which contained the same words as the one in question. The author was a young fellow who had lost his reason through overwork, as polite as could be wished to my face, but when it was turned he referred to me in some of the vilest epithets that ever came from a man's lips, and enumerated to those who followed his views what he would like to have done to me. Some of the "tortures" I was to endure had he had his way were somewhat amusing, albeit ridiculous—to vaccinate me and tie me to a lamp-post, to break my skull with a chisel and ladle out my brains with a salt spoon, to place me in an empty room with a barred window and hang a red herring outside, and to throw some peculiar powder into my eyes so as to alter the sight that I should fancy when at dinner that I had double the amount of victuals that was really in the plate. He used to relate these things with gusto and a diabolical light in his eyes, and when none of his followers were present to himself, mused, and would laugh as though it would be capital fun. The reason of venting his spite on me I am ignorant of, for I am not aware that I ever did him an injury, but he considered I had, and of my knowledge of him it would have been useless to have endeavoured to get him to disclaim that idea. The expression in vogue, "as artful as a cat of monkeys," might without doubt be applied to lunatics, for if any human beings are entitled to it, it is that unfortunate class, as will be conceded when it is considered that most of these letters came through this post, in some cases, although there were a few exceptions, bore a stamp. I have never troubled to discover how he managed to pass them out of the asylum, but suppose that he enticed his friends when they visited him to post the letters, which they, to humour him, foolishly did, or when out for exercise handed them through the railings to other people, or threw them over into the road.

The grounds of the asylum make an excellent place for recreation, with the close-cut green lawns and the little winding paths and flower beds, and I speak only as one who says that I look forward with pleasure to the airing. They are extensive, and possess a few grand old trees, and sauntering under the drooping boughs one is inclined to consider himself miles away from the precincts of a madhouse. But the fact is brought forcibly home when the whoop of the angry words of some poor wretch, differing with others, is heard close by. The male and female patients are allowed out in the grounds at different times almost every day, and except in a few cases require very meagre attention. Some have a little idea of taking advantage of their "license" and attempting to escape as a man has of destroying his moustache when it is the envy of male friends and the admiration of the female, but others consider it is the only thing to live for, and always avail themselves of the slightest opportunity to attain that end.

A poor deranged fellow once managed to scale the rear wall of the grounds, and travelled some miles to carry out an act he had probably been pondering over for a length of time. He was a fine fellow, a little idea of taking advantage of his "license" and attempting to escape as a man has of destroying his moustache when it is the envy of male friends and the admiration of the female, but others consider it is the only thing to live for, and always avail themselves of the slightest opportunity to attain that end.

The present accommodation for lunatics, compared to what it was some years back, is considerably improved. In lieu of what was then little more than cages, large well-furnished rooms are now their abode. These are termed galleries, and contain pianos, flowers, and books of every description. On either side of these galleries are small bed-rooms for the inmates, each containing a bed, chest of drawers, and washstand basin, the latter only being allowed to remain in the room the night through when the occupants had been especially inclined. The doors of these bed-rooms are closed with springs fixed outside, unable to be reached from the interior, and in the upper panel of the door is a grating to allow of the night officials seeing into the compartment that all is well. A stern voice of an attendant at one of these gratings has in many cases a remarkable effect on those who quite unexpectedly commence to shriek and rage and swear. The occupant, probably sitting up in bed and throwing the clothes about and shrieking at the top of his voice, becomes at once calm and falls back on the bed and pulls the clothes over him with a growl like that of an uncultured animal. To an unaccustomed eye it makes a deep impression—the wild eyes, the horrible grimaces, the dishevelled hair, and the nervous twitching of the fingers, and the whole heart's pity feels for them and opines that death would be preferable.

In addition to these galleries are the padded rooms, with the inside face of the walls covered with indiarubber, and being devoid of every piece of furniture. These rooms are only used when any of the patients have a violent fit, and then almost always imperative to lock the clothes and boots on the body, and in some instances to also fasten the hands behind. If these things were not done there would be no controlling them; they would tear every particle of clothing off and then dash themselves against the sides of the walls accompanied with shrieks and foul language, in the hope of killing themselves. At other times these same people stroll about the galleries and sit down and read books as quietly and composedly as any ordinary person, and although it were impossible for them to act as they probably did the evening before.

This unfortunate class of humanity have peculiar hallucinations. I recollect a man who always fancied he had a kettle of hot water at the back of his neck, and would walk about with his shoulders drawn up to prevent it, according to his idea, falling, asking everybody the question, "Does it boil yet?" and he would not be satisfied until he was told it did boil, when he would sit down, but only to rise again a few minutes later, purely the same question. There was another patient who had a somewhat similar notion. He imagined he had a tea cup behind his neck and to prevent him dropping and breaking it always had his shoulders contracted.

The females are, of course, separated from the other sex, but some of their peculiarities and the cause of their insanity become known to the male attendants. There was one who was continually searching for glass. On one occasion she found a portion of a broken tumbler, and, breaking it into minute pieces, placed them in her eyes. It was a most dangerous, difficult, and lengthy task to get them out, and, as the patient, wishing to retain the brittle substance, would continually firmly close the eyelids. The object of her strange freak could never be accounted for, and from whence she procured the glass was also unknown. Everything likely to be of assist-

ance to those who have a tendency to self-destruction being most carefully looked after.

The female gallery also possessed a young lady who had lost her reason through her sweetheart losing a running match. She had been very excited while the race was proceeding, and when she saw him come in third instead of being the victor, her reason left her, and she was removed to the asylum. She never forgot the cause of it, for every time she was out in the grounds for exercise she would rush round the lawns again and again—on some occasions the whole of the allotted time—waving a gauze shawl, as, so she said, a beacon to her lover. This individual had taken but little heed of the girl, whose whole mind and soul had been in his winning the race, for a short time after her admission into the asylum he married some one else. But she was never acquainted of the fact, as it was considered it would mean worse symptoms, and she still continued to rush round the grounds with the shawl as a beacon.

On friendly terms with her was another lady patient, whose husband had been a sea captain. He had been expected home from a voyage one Tuesday evening, and as he was going to land near where she lived, she decided to meet him. She was at the landing-stage in good time, and presently her husband's vessel came in sight. A few minutes later something seemed to be wrong with it, and, though it may appear strange, it is still a fact, foundered in a very short space of time before her eyes. Some of the crew and passengers were saved, but others were lost, amongst the latter being her husband. Before another week was over his wife's head she was an inmate of the asylum, the sight of the sinking vessel and the news of her husband's death having turned her brain. The poor thing is dead now, but every Tuesday evening from the day of her admission to her demise she would stand at the window and watch with glowing eyes for the return of the vessel commanded by her husband.

These two tales of mischief that the paper on which this is written—in fact, two quieter people inside the building could not be found, it being only in the open air that the racing fit overtook the first-named lady. They would talk and act as rationally as any cool, collected ordinary person, and their manner was certainly calculated to dissipate any idea of insanity.

There are large numbers of lunatics, both male and female, who act reasonably, and have no outward appearance of the brain being affected, until any person or thing connected with the cause of their insanity appears before them or comes into their possession. I will quote two instances.

A lady on one occasion called with a gentleman to inspect the galleries. In one was seated a very quiet and reserved man, who seldom opened his lips, and always had a calm, placid look. When the lady entered the room the change was striking. His eyes distended, he breathed heavily, his fingers twitched, his face transformed from the quiet, peaceful one into that of a savage, and he could barely keep himself still. As the visitor was advancing towards the seat where he was sitting, he arose from his seat and crept along the side of the wall, and, before we were aware of his object, sprang out and clutched her by the throat. "I can see him now, with his fingers at it, pressing her backwards and glaring into her face with his demoniacal eyes, and can almost hear the wild grunts and growls with which the deed was accompanied. We very soon got him away and shut him in his room, and then we attended to the lady, but beyond fright she had little to complain of. He had mistaken her for his wife, who had eloped with another man—the real cause of his insanity—and was determined to kill her.

The other case was that of a young lady named Sterle, who had lost her reason through unrequited love. She was a ladylike girl, and always wore her hair loose—compulsory, as will hereafter be seen. It was of auburn texture, and reached almost to her waist, and being free gave her a pretty appearance. The first sign of her insanity showed itself on the day following that on which she had attended a party at a neighbour's. At this party was a young man she was passionately fond of, and also her rival, the recipient of greater attention at his hands than herself. During the evening Miss Sterle passed through the conservatory, and there she saw these two together—he being engaged in fastening a hairpin into his companion's hair, which had become disarranged. They seemed confused when they saw her, but neither spoke, nor did she. Later she heard that they had that evening become formally engaged. This preyed upon her mind, and the result was her installation in the asylum.

Several months after the found a common hairpin and came back to the conservatory for the first time. Then, when all was still, she several times probed it into her throat and composedly laid down on the bed and slowly bled to death. It was some time after the act before she was discovered, and then it was too late to save her. She presented a horrible appearance—her head was thrown back, revealing a terribly lacerated throat, her nightgown and the bed-clothes were saturated with blood, and the auburn hair, which in her days of sunshine she had fastened together with that which was responsible for her death, lay carelessly over her forehead, dotted and stained with her life's blood.

I have made no mention in this sketch of religious mania, as so many become insane through religion—the remainder are made up of business troubles, a too liberal consumption of bitter ale, sunstroke, and miscellaneous matters. Insanity is a dreadful complaint, as one would say had they seen as much of it as I have, which makes me most earnestly implore both sexes not to play with their constitution and intellect as though they were mere stock, but to take as much care of them as the Queen does of the Koh-i-noor diamond.

(To be continued.)

### GERMAN CUTLERY.

At the Wrexham Police Court this week, an important case under the Merchandise Marks Act respecting the sale of German goods as of English manufacture, occupied the magistrates for several days. The defendant is a jeweller and general dealer in Wrexham, and the proceedings were taken by the Sheffield Federated Trades Council, a member of that body, Mr. Ridge, a tool manufacturer, was in Wrexham on business in September, and in passing defendant's shop noticed that most of the articles exhibited for sale were of German manufacture. He asked for a Sheffield-made chisel, and defendant said he could not guarantee that the chisel he had was of Sheffield manufacture. Later in the day Mr. Ridge returned to defendant's shop with a company with an assistant, and the latter, to some extent with the supernatural, but this element does not unduly predominate. The local colouring is excellent.

A NEER DO WELL. By D. Cecil Gibbs. One vol. Published by Remington and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.—If the contents of this well mounted volume were condensed by one half, the story would be vastly improved. As it is, the reader often finds a terrible weariness steal over him. Nor is the author any more expert in the development of plot. The thread of the tale is as flimsy as could well be conceived.

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## THE BERMONDSEY VESTRY "RIOT."

### Defendants Bound Over.

At the London County Sessions on Thursday, Francis Souter, 45, carpenter, and Henry Quelch, 35, warehouseman, who, after a trial by jury of three days' duration, were on Wednesday evening convicted before Mr. Philbrick, Q.C., of taking part in what is known as the "Bermondsey Town Hall riot," by forcibly entering the town hall on the 1st of July during a sitting of the vestry, came up for sentence.—Mr. Philbrick said the jury had accompanied their verdict with a statement that in their opinion the defendants entered the town hall for the purpose of asserting that which they believed to be the right of the ratepayers, they being ratepayers, to be present at the meeting of the vestry, and that they used no more force, and did no more damage than was necessary for the purpose of asserting that right which they believed they possessed. They had stated that in that the defendants acted very commendably. It was his duty to point out that had the defendants proceeded to acts of violence, as those in the opinion of the jury necessary to assert the right they claimed, the case would have stood on a very different footing indeed, and then their act would have been attended with circumstances of malicious mischief which would have entirely altered the complexion of their offence, and prevented the court from dealing with it in the manner he proposed. Whether or not the right that the defendants claimed existed was immaterial to the question. If the right existed, then it must be asserted in a peaceable and orderly manner. No one was entitled to use force in the assertion of right, and the proceedings in that case ought to act as a warning to all that, whether rights existed or not, proceedings must be conducted in a peaceable manner. Under all the circumstances of the case, and giving full effect to that which the jury had found, he thought justice would be satisfied by the course that he was about to adopt—namely, ordering each of the defendants to enter into their own recognisances in £50 to keep the peace for a period of twelve months, and each to find two sureties in £25 that that condition would be fulfilled.

### DEATH FROM GLANDERS.

At Guy's Hospital, Mr. S. F. Langham held an inquest on the body of Henry James Ingham, aged 52, an engineer of 111, Weston-street, Bermondsey, who died from glanders.—The deceased's son said his father worked at Messrs. Shears and Company's engineering works, Bankside, Southwark. About a fortnight ago some lumps appeared on his neck, and he was treated first as an out and then as an in-patient at Guy's Hospital, where he died.—Mr. Edmund Augustus Shears stated that none of their horses had suffered from glanders. He thought, however, that the deceased might probably have contracted the disease from horses which came to the works to bring goods there, but he did not know of any suffering from glanders.—Dr. E. Moss said he saw the deceased on his admission to the hospital, scarcely able to stand. He had sores on his neck and back, and a few lumps on his legs and arms. By the evening several more lumps appeared on the lower parts of the body, and he eventually passed into a comatose condition and died. At the post mortem examination it was found that the cause of death was glanders.—A verdict to that effect was returned.

### THE NEW HEAD MASTER OF THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on Thursday, at which the Lord Mayor presided, the election of head master of the City of London School was proceeded with. The selected candidates were Mr. John Marshall, M.A., Edin. and Oxon, rector of the Royal High School at Edinburgh; Mr. Arthur Tempest Pollard, M.A., Oxon., vice-master Manchester Grammar School; and Mr. Edward Vernon Arnold, M.A., Cambridge, Professor of Latin at University College, Bangor. Mr. Arnold retired from the contest. The election was by ballot. In the result Mr. Pollard was successful by 118 votes to Mr. Marshall's 59.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

JACK TREYOR. R.M. By Arthur Lee Knight Illustrated by W. S. Stacey. One vol. Published by Frederick Warne and Co., London and New York.—Mr. Knight has only to keep up to the level he has attained in this capital work to take rank with the best purveyors of boys' literature. The excitement of the story is maintained from first to last, the thrilling incidents and hairbreadth escapes following one another in rapid succession. Nor is that all; the characters have an abundance of flesh and blood about them, while the local colouring of the various strange scenes leaves nothing to be desired. The illustrations are pretty good, but not equal to the letter-press.

ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY. By John Ashton. One vol. Illustrated. Published by Frederick Warne and Co., London and New York.—Published by T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster-square.—We question whether this "popular edition" will command itself to the popular mind. A taste for ancient tales of chivalry is confined to the very few; there are some who relish their old world flavour, but to the many they have an air of insipid unreality. The work is handsomely got up, and the quaint wood-cuts are in keeping with the text. It is a book for the cultured and the dreamy alone; to others, it will be "caviare to the general."

JOHN LUTFORD. By W. Earl Hodgson. One vol. Remington and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.—There is vigorous writing and strong delineation of character in this novel, nor is the author deficient in humour. But the interest is not profound, owing to the very skinny nature of the plot. Still, on balance, the merits of the tale largely outweigh its defects; the workmanship is artistic throughout, showing all the finish of the trained hand.

MRS. SENIOR, JUN. By Foulis Hayes. One vol. Published by Koper and Drowley, Ludgate Hill.—It is not often that the novel reader is introduced to more objectionable people than those who play prominent parts in this tale. Some of them are absolutely repulsive, notably the heroine, Linda. The author has, it is true, considerable literary force, and, thanks to this gift, the reader's interest is kept alive. But exercised as it is in this unpleasant story, one could well wish that it were less.

THE BLOOD OF THE BLOOD. By Silas K. Hocking. One vol. Illustrated. Published by Frederick Warne and Co., London and New York.—All lads with wholesome minds and healthy instincts will relish this "romance of the Cornish cliffs." It deals to some extent with the supernatural, but this element does not unduly predominate. The local colouring is excellent.

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## A WEST-END SCANDAL.

### Extraordinary Rumours.

Rumours are afloat which have excited a genuine sensation in the West-end, and have been the universal topic of conversation in the clubs during the past week. The allegations made are of an extraordinary kind, and the interest in them is increased by the fact that several names of persons of good position have been freely mentioned as connected with the alleged discoveries. The story goes that a short time ago two or three telegraph boys in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square were observed to be spending money very freely, and to have in their possession watches and other jewellery of considerable value. At first robbery was suspected, and the boys were watched. They were seen to repair night after night to a certain house in a quiet street, and experienced detectives being put on to fully investigate the matter, one of the youths was suddenly pounced upon, and threatened with punishment if he did not reveal the whole of the circumstances connected with the scandal. This he did, and supplied details which fairly staggered the authorities. They came one of the most extraordinary portions of the story. It is said that acting on the information supplied by the boy, the detectives surreptitiously entered the house, and, boring a hole in a wall of one of the rooms, brought a miniature camera to bear upon the work, the result being that photographs were taken which bear indisputable evidence of the scandalous scenes enacted within. As the result of the exposé it is alleged that several individuals have hurriedly left the country. Such is the story that is exciting so much interest, especially in West-end circles, but as it has not yet received any official confirmation, the allegations may, of course, be gross exaggerations or even pure fabrications.

### IMPUDENT ROBBERY AT KENSINGTON.

At the West London Police Court, James Cane, a blacker, was brought up from the Central Police Station, charged with stealing a quantity of silver, a musical-box, and wearing apparel, value £100, the property of Mr. A. R. Robertson, a merchant, residing at 23, Collingham Gardens, Kensington.—Mr. Haynes, who prosecuted, said the prisoner and his wife were left in charge of the house while the prosecutor and his family were at their country seat. They returned about the end of September, and found the house vacated and the property missing. The prisoner subsequently gave himself up to the Glasgow police. Mr. Flounders sentenced the prisoner to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

### OUTRAGE IN IRELAND.

Nine head of cattle belonging to a man named Quigley, who resides at the village of Tully, near Clifden, were maliciously burnt to death on Wednesday night. The stable was also burnt to the ground. It is said that Quigley took a farm from which a tenant had been evicted.

### PUBLICATIONS.

ST. PETER'S, EALING (Interior and Exterior Views). "Golden Valley," sketches by Ralph Nevill, F.S.A. See Builder, November 10th, 1889. Also some Last Notes at Paris Exhibition: Mr. Britton Rivers on Painting (Art Congress Address), &c., &c.—Office, 46, Catherine-street, London, W.C.

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## THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE.

### A ROMANCE OF THE UNROMANTIC.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "MICHAEL CLARKE," "A STUDY IN SCARLET," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

ENGLAND VERSUS SCOTLAND.

The rectorial election had come and had gone, but another great event had taken its place. It was the day of the England and Scotland Rugby match.

Better weather could not have been desired. The morning had been hazy, but as the sun shone out the fog had gradually risen, until now there remained but a suspicion of it, floating like a plume, above the frowning walls of Edinburgh Castle, and twining a fairy wreath round the unfinished columns of the national monument upon the Calton Hill. The broad stretch of the Princes-street Gardens, which occupy the valley between the old town and the new, looked green and spring-like, and their fountains sparkled merrily in the sunshine. Their wide expanse, well-trimmed and beheaded, formed a strange contrast to the rugged piles of grim old houses which bounded them upon the other side, and the massive grandeur of the great hill beyond, which lies like a crouching lion, keeping watch and ward, day and night, over the ancient capital of the Scottish kings. Travellers who have searched the whole world round have found no fairer view.

So thought three of the genus who were ennobled that forenoon in the bow windows of the Royal Hotel, and gazed across the bright green valley at the dull historical background beyond. One we already know, a stoutish gentleman, ruddy-faced and black-eyed, with check trousers, light waistcoat, and heavy chain, legs widely parted, his hands in his pockets, and his face that expression of irreverent and critical approval with which the travelled Briton usually regards the works of nature. By his side was a young lady in a tight-fitting travelling dress, with trim leather belt and snow-white collar and cuffs. There was no criticism in her sweet face, now flushed with excitement—nothing but unqualified wonder and admiration at the beautiful scene before her. An elderly placid-faced woman sat in a basket chair in the recess, and looked up with quiet interest at the play of emotions which swept over the girl's eager features.

"Oh, Uncle George," she cried, "it is really too heavenly. I cannot realise that we are free. I can't help fearing that it is all a dream, and that I shall wake up to find myself pouring out Ezra Girdlestone's coffee, or listening to Mr. Girdlestone as he reads the morning quotations."

The elder woman stroked the girl's hand, and, with her soft, motherly palm. "Don't think about it," she murmured.

"No, don't think about it," echoed the doctor. "My wife is quite right. Don't think about it. But consider what a job I have to persuade your guardian to let you go. I should have given it up in despair—I really should—if I had not known that you had set your heart upon it."

"Oh, how good you both are to me!" cried the girl, in a pretty little gust of gratitude.

"Pooh, pooh, Kate! But as to Girdlestone, he is perfectly right. If I had you I should keep you fast to myself, I promise you. Eh, Matilda?"

"That we would, George."

"Perfect tyrants, both of us. Eh, Matilda?"

"Yes, George."

"I am afraid that I am not very useful in a household," said the girl. "I was too young to look after things for papa. Mr. Girdlestone, of course, has a housekeeper of his own. I read the Financial News to him after dinner every day, and I know all about stock and Consols and those American railways which are perpetually rising and falling. One of them went wrong last week, and Ezra swore, and Mr. Girdlestone said that the Lord chastens those whom he loves. He did not seem to like being chastened a bit though. But how delightful this is! It is like living in another world."

The girl was a pretty figure as she stood in the window, tall, lithe, and graceful, with the long soft curves of budding womanhood. Her face was sweet rather than beautiful, but an art would have revelled in the delicate strength of the softly rounded chin, and the quick bright play of her expression. Her hair, of a deep rich brown, with a bronze shimmer where a sunbeam lay athwart it, swept back in those thick luxuriant coils which are the unfailing index of a strong womanly nature. Her deep blue eyes danced with life and light, while her slightly retronosed nose and her sensitive smiling mouth all spoke of gentle good humour. From her sunny face to the dainty little shoe which peeped from under the trim black skirt, she was an eminently pleasant object to look upon. So thought the passer-by as they glanced up at the great bow-window, and so, too, thought a young gentleman who had driven up to the hotel door, and who now bounded up the steps and into the room. He was enveloped in a long shaggy ulster, which stretched down to his ankles, and he wore a velvet cap trimmed with silver stuck carelessly on the back of his powerful yellow cord head.

"Here is the boy!" cried his mother gaily.

"How are you, mam dear," he cried, stooping over her to kiss her. "How are you, dad? Good morning, Cousin Kate. You must come down and wish us luck. What a blessing that it is pretty warm. It is miserable for the spectators when there is an east wind. What do you think of it, dad?"

"I think you are an unnatural young renegade to play against your mother country," said the sturdy doctor.

"Oh come, dad! I was born in Scotland, and I belong to a Scotch club. Surely that is good enough."

"I hope you lose then," said his father.

"We are very likely to. Atkinson, of the West of Scotland, has trained a leg, and we shall have to play Blarney of the Institution, full back—not so good a man by a long way. The odds are five to four on the English this morning. They are said to be the very strongest lot that ever played in an international match. I have brought a cab with me, so the moment you are ready we can start."

There were others beside the students who were excited about the coming struggle. All Edinburgh was in a ferment. Football is, and always has been, the national game of Scotland among those who affect violent exercise, while golf takes its place with the more sedately inclined. There is no game so fitted to appeal to a hardy and active people as that composite exercise prescribed by the Rugby Union, in which fifteen men pit strength, speed, endurance, and every manly attribute they possess in a prolonged struggle against fifteen antagonists. There is no room for mere knock or trickery. It is a fierce personal contest in which the ball is the central rallying point. That ball may be kicked, pushed, or carried, it may be forced onwards in any conceivable manner towards the enemy's goal. The fleet of foot may seize it and by superior speed thread their way through the ranks of their opponents. The heavy of frame may crush down all opposition by dead weight. The hardest and most enduring must win.

Even matches between prominent local clubs excite much interest in Edinburgh and attract crowds of spectators. How much more then when the pick of the manhood of Scotland were to try their strength against the very cream of the players from the South of the Tweed. The roads which converged on the Caledonian Grounds, on which the match was to be played, were







## OUR OMNIBUS. THE M.P.

It is to be hoped—not very confidently perhaps—that Mr. Constance will take warning from the well-merited censure just administered to him by Sir Edward Clarke. The irrepressible member for Camberne has to admit that a statement he recently made about the Solicitor-General was "absolutely false," and his only excuse is that it came to him from a source which he believed to be trustworthy. It may be questioned whether Mr. Constance would have displayed equal credulity had he been directed against one of his own party leaders.

Judging from his appearance at the mayoral banquet, Lord Salisbury seems to be in first-rate health. It is not only that he looked in good health, but there was a ringing tone of robustness running through his admirable speech not compatible with valetudinarianism. I am given to understand that the Premier and his colleagues are quite satisfied with the aspect of political affairs, the recent bye-elections notwithstanding. They believe that there is a general election to take place now, the Unionists would return to power with quite a large majority as they have at present.

Rumour says that Sir Robert Peel finds a good many of his former friends grown chilly, while his present allies, the Separatists, speak contemptuously of the poor fight he made at Brighton. By the way, it was positively cruel to invite the dejected baronet to the Barnum banquet, when Sir William Marriott, his arch enemy, was to figure among the speakers. Sir Bobby did not wait for that torture, but skedaddled after Mr. Barnum's speech, bristling all over with pent-up wrath.

Workmen on strike and those about to resort to that means of gaining redress should eye with suspicion the effusive sympathy and co-operation of gentlemen who are in the running for Parliamentary seats. I notice not a few of these disinterested persons playing the Codlin and Short notes—such an idea never enters their heads. It is a pure spirit of philanthropy which moves them to enter the lists on behalf of the sons of toil. All the same, they should be cold shouldered; their benevolence wears a distinctly fishy look when coupled with personal ambition.

The Salvationists are in high glee at having attracted Sir William Harcourt's sympathies. They regard him as almost a convert, and expect to shortly see him parading the streets with a "Happy Eliza" on either arm. That would be a fine spectacle, especially were his burly figure clad in a scarlet jersey. It is said that Mr. Booth has already addressed overtures to the glib knight, offering him a commission in the "Army" by way of inducement.

One of the disadvantages attached to being an M.P. is that the initials make one a target for the whole tribe of begging charities. Their managers and secretaries seem to imagine that every member of the House must be a millionaire. I made a calculation the other day that if I had sent only £5 to each charity that appealed to me in October, my benevolence bill for that month alone would have run to considerably beyond £300. What I particularly resent in these begging letters is their frequent familiarity of tone. One now lying before me begins, "My dear friend," although signed by a gentleman with whom I never held a moment's converse in my life. Another objectionable feature is that questions of an unseemly kind are often entered into with the greatest freedom. I am not prudish, but I do not care for that sort of reading to be obtruded on my household.

It is really the case that a small section of "whole hog" members advocate the admission of lovely women into the House of Commons. They believe that her soothing presence would tone down the asperities of debate, while her companionship could not fail, they declare, to improve the manners of the masculine members. So we shall have this crotchety coming to the front before long, with a noble band of brothers pledged to die on the floor whenever called upon for that heroic sacrifice.

Mr. Gladstone will have a hot time of it next session, unless appearances are deceptive. Louder and louder becomes the complaint among the mutinous section of his followers that he never gets any "forerider." They say that it is absurd to go on blowing the trumpet about a snatch electoral victory here or there, when all the world knows that the Government has suffered less loss during the three and a half years of its existence than any previous Ministry did during the same period. An average of about three seats per annum makes a poor show for the "flowing tide." Mr. Gladstone is, of course, quite aware of that, but he is driven to these meagre boasts as the only means of supporting the pretence that the country is of a different mind to what it was in 1886.

### OLD IZAAK.

Should the scheme of the proposed half-tide removable weir, with lock and footbridge, at Isleworth, become an accomplished fact, it will be the means of providing my friends and followers, who are bank anglers, with four miles of the finest water for roach and dace fishing possible to imagine. It is proposed by the joint committee of the Richmond and Twickenham local authorities to introduce into Parliament next session a bill to authorise the making of a movable weir and footbridge across the Thames near to Rains Head Ferry, at Isleworth. The bridge is to have seven arches, the five central ones being fitted with Stoney's patent sluices, so contrived that when they are opened they are stowed away under the platform of the bridge. These five movable sluices are intended to be shut down at half-ebb, so as to hold up sufficient water to make this part of the river available for angling and boating at all times. When the flow again to the top of the sluices, the men in charge will be able, by a few turns of a handle, to open them all, and so avoid any obstruction to the flowing tide. The arch on the Surrey side will be constructed as an ordinary lock, so as to allow the free passage of vessels at all times of the tide. The corresponding arch on the Middlesex side will be fitted with rollers for small pleasure boats, &c. I sincerely hope the promoters of this really capital scheme will be well supported, so that this truly beautiful reach of our grand old river may enjoy all the advantages of a constant supply of water.

The following special notice to all members of angling clubs came to hand too late for insertion in my last week's notes. Mr. Holledge, of the Two Sawyers, Twickenham, has generously offered for competition, from the 11th to the 24th of the present month (both days inclusive), two handsome prizes, consisting of—first prize, tea-pot, sugar basin, and milk jug, value £5 5s.; second prize, an egg stand, value £2 2s.; entrance fee, 6d. each, to cover estimated cost of printing and advertising. Tickets can be obtained of Mr. Holledge only, and upon the day on which the member desires to compete. Conditions:—The competition to take place between Glover's Island and Teddington Lock, and to be for the two heaviest gross weights of all fish; no member to compete on more than one day, and all taken to be registered at the Two Sawyers. The "drain" at Twickenham is barred. All competitors to use punts, with fishermen, which are to be hired only of Mr. Holledge. No competitor to use more than one rod.

As I am frequently asked by my numerous correspondents how, when, and where to go for a day's fishing, what special places should be adopted, &c., I at present advise all my brother piscators to give the tideway of the Thames a trial, as the roach and dace have been well on lately, many of the former weighing over 1lb., and some fine specimens of the latter have also been

taken. I was out for two hours last Tuesday, during three dozen good roach and a few very large dace. Of course, those anglers who desire to give jack, perch, or chub the benefit of their experience, must journey a longer distance from town.

An excellent paper on "The Tideway of the Thames as a Fishing Resort" was read recently before the members and friends of the Richmond Piscatorial Society, by Mr. J. A. Little. There was a good attendance, presided over by Mr. Montague Davenport, who, in introducing Mr. Little to the assembly, paid that gentleman a well-deserved compliment by stating he felt certain few anglers know so much about the peculiarities of the tidal fishery as he did. After enumerating the various species of fish to be found at the present day in these waters, the lecturer gave many interesting particulars about large specimen fish caught in the neighbourhood, and reminded his audience that the large jubilee trout of over 17lb. weight still awaited capture at Kingston.

The committee of the Thames Angling Preservation Society intend shortly to ask the conservators to pass new bye laws. First, to abolish trailing and live and dead gorge fishing for jack. Second, to alter the fence months for jack and perch. Third, to increase the standard sizes of certain fish, notably jack, which are now certainly too small.

A handsome trout of 5lb. was caught in one of the nets below Kew Bridge at the end of last week. It was recovered by the head keeper of the T.A.P.S., and taken up the river to Teddington, where it was carefully returned to the water near the weir. A fine jack of 15lb. has been taken by bank angler at Surbiton. The anglers at Hampton Deep have been getting large numbers of good roach up to 1lb., which are supposed to be some of those recently turned in the Thames out of the Chelsea Water Works Reservoir.

Herbert Curr, the fisherman, of Weybridge, writes me:—"Any gentleman wishing for a good day's sport with the jack, roach, and chub should come to Weybridge. I think I can guarantee to get them some sport. I was out last Thursday with Mr. George, seven dozen nice roach on Saturday with Mr. Boyton, three dozen roach and one jack; on Sunday with Mr. Bovril, nine dozen roach and two jack; Monday, Mr. George, eight dozen roach; Tuesday, with Mr. Boor, three jack; Mr. George, five dozen roach and one jack. The best jack 4lb."

### PIPER PAN.

I have been asked to take notice of certain "musical nuisances," foremost of all, the organ-grinder. It is astonishing that so few people seem to be aware of Bass's Act, which affords ample protection to the public. Any householder who may be annoyed by street-organ playing near his residence has only to request the organ-grinder to remove out of hearing. Should he refuse he may at once be given into custody, with the certainty of fine or imprisonment. Soon after I came to my present residence, six miles from London, I gave an obstinate grinder into custody, and next day the local magistrate fined him 2s. 6d., at the same time remarking that it was the first time such a case had been brought before him.

On the following Sunday afternoon, half-a-dozen Italian organ-grinders assembled opposite my house, yelling and boating. When I smiled they became almost frantic, and one of them brandished a large knife, shrieking out, "Sortite, cane!" "Come out, you dog!" which invitation declined, he threatened to brandish a brace of Colt's revolvers. It was not long before I had another offender fined, and after making four or five similar examples I crushed out the organ nuisance so far as my part of the world is concerned.

Sometimes these pests will refuse to leave off playing because your neighbour wishes them to play. This excuse is futile. Some years back it was pleaded by an organ-grinder whom I gave in charge. The magistrate fined him 10s., or fourteen days in prison. He had been only ten days in England, and I not only got his fine reduced, but paid it myself. (I never repeated this folly.) His name was Giovanni Battista Nuicelli, and he swore never to repeat his offence.

One dark evening in the following week I called upon a provincial friend at his suburban lodging, and whom should there be in the long front garden but Nuicelli, grinding away at his organ. He did not see my face, and, standing under a plane tree, I cried out, in the most sepulchral tones, "My command, 'Giovanni! Battista! Nuicelli! andati via di qua!'" ("Away at once from here!"). He gave a kind of yell, and rushed wildly out of the garden. An hour later my friend's landlady layd me, and said that "it was very bad" that I should drive away her favourite organist, after she had paid him sixpence to play for "alfan hour." Thus are one's good deeds too often rewarded. She was ungrateful, but my musical friend chuckled.

Another musical nuisance is the German band; consisting of clarinet, cornet, trombone, and euphonium, more or less of tune with each other. To these gifted performers Bass's Act applies, but they are obstinate offenders. Twenty years back I resided in Westbourne-square, which was infested with German bands, until I gave into custody an entire band of eight performers, who refused to leave off playing. At the police station they all blubbered in different keys, and at last I managed to make them understand that they should be released on solemnly promising never more to play in Westbourne-square. They simultaneously shouted, "Immer mehr!" ("Never more!") and hurried away to embitter the lives of remoter victims.

After dinner, I went to the Royal Theatre, and afterwards sought the oyster shop near the Pantheon. There was a crowd round the door, and seven of my German band in the midst of them. On entering the shop I found their head man inside, protesting, in German, that he would not leave until compensated for injury to his euphonium. He had entered the shop after playing for twenty minutes outside, to make a collection, and the only contribution he had received was a pint of stout, which an irritated amateur dashed into the euphonium. He refused to part. Placing myself close behind him, I sternly uttered the words "Immer mehr!" and next moment he bolted as if the foul fiend were behind him.

Nine out of ten people will agree with me that it is a great nuisance to be waked up at two a.m. by the "Christmas waltz" and be compelled to listen for half an hour to psalm tunes played by a cornet, a trombone, and an harmonium. To be freed from this nuisance, it is only necessary to write to the nearest superintendent of police two or three weeks before Christmas. But if "the waltz" can be controlled by the police, why not the sleep-disturbers who are nightly conspicuous among "musical nuisances?"

Having insufficient space left for remarks on the "encore nuisance," I must conclude with some compressed gossip. There has been no musical event of special importance during the past week. The Monday popular concert on the 11th inst. was the best given thus far in the season. Sir Charles Hallé was the pianist, Lady Hallé principal violin. M.M. Ries, Strauss, and Patti, with Miss Lehmann as vocalist, completed the strong list of artists.—The Barnum band played well on the opening night at Olympia (last Monday).—The new Sullivan-art opera, is being rehearsed at the Savoy. The action takes place in Spain, and all the ladies are obliged to wear black wigs, which is hard on pretty Miss Decima Moore, who is a blonde. Many Spanish and Italian women are blondes.—I have just received from Sestri Ponente (Liguria) the sad news of the untimely death of Madame Beignani (wife of the popular conductor), on the 9th inst. (in her 42nd year).—Miss Wadman, owing to nervous exhaustion, has relinquished her engagement at the

Prince of Wales's Theatre.—Madame Patti will sing at the Albert Hall next Monday for the last time this year.

### BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

What strange stories one sometimes reads. The following is one of the strangest I have seen for a long time. Needless to say, I cannot and will not vouch for its truth. It was very kindly sent to me in the form of a newspaper cutting by one of my obliging Canadian correspondents. An ordinary egg had been broken for use. Inside of it was found a second egg fully developed. So far all right; eggs seem to be rather fond of indulging in little eccentricities of this nature. But now for the incredible part. This was broken, and inside of it was a third egg, which in its turn contained an ordinary pea, which had begun to sprout. How a pea could have got into the centre of this nest of eggs is not explained.

Mr. Bateman, sergeant-instructor of the Behar Light Horse, tells of a cobra in India who took eggs from under a Cochinchina hen without disturbing her. The bird belonged to a friend, and when the eggs were first missed the servants were accused of the theft. They, in order to prove their innocence, watched and one morning observed Mr. "Spec" coming from out of a hole. They frightened him away, called their master, and prepared a trap. Two frogs were joined together by a piece of string with a fish-hook at each end, and were fastened near the hole. When all was quiet up came the cobra, swallowed one of the frogs, and then, feeling something hard in it, tried to eject it, by which means he made the hook stick into his inside. When he was thus made prisoner, he could do nothing except hiss, and so was easily despatched, and, when cut open, two whole eggs were discovered inside him. On examination it was seen that two eggs had been taken from the hen on the previous evening, so that the theft was proved. The most curious part of the affair is that the cobra did not kill the hen, but contented himself with the eggs. He seems to have been acquainted with the moral of the goose and the golden eggs, and to have had sufficient foresight to see that, as long as the hen lived, there was a regular supply of food forthcoming.

Mr. Stewart tells of a pariah dog in India who used to chase snakes as much as a terrier does rat-hunters. He always came off victorious from the conquest until, at last, when old age had overtaken him and he was no longer as active as formerly, a snake bit him and he died from the effect of the poison.

The grounds of Guy's Hospital have lately had a very unusual visitor. A large owl has taken up its abode in a tree near that building, from which it makes nightly forays, and half-eaten rats and sparrows enable one to surmise what he is about. I wonder where the bird of darkness has come from. Has it escaped from the aviary of some lover of owls, or has it wandered up to this great city from some rural solitude? The former supposition is the more likely. Had it made its appearance here some time ago, many would have been the prophecies of evil to befall London, for then the owl was looked upon, like the raven, as a veritable bird of ill-omen.

To Mr. George Hull, of New Cross, I am indebted for an interesting account of a wonderfully prolific hen canary. Not only has she laid three sets of six eggs each since the beginning of last spring, which she hatched them out, and reared eighteen babies without any help from her husband. As a rule, the male bird leads a hand in feeding the youngsters, but this loving dame undertook the sole management of the family from first to last. As she is still young, not having entered the world until last June twelve months, she will probably have a very extensive progeny before she passes over to the majority.

Could it be contrived, I wonder, to temporarily exchange some of our London police and magistrates for an equal number from Altrincham? My reason for venturing the suggestion is that I see a case reported at that place in which a carrier was heavily fined for torturing a pair of decrepit horses by making them drag three tons of timber. Why, that is quite a common spectacle in London! I never descend into the streets without coming across instances of similar inhumanity. Two tons of coal in a heavy van seem to be considered quite a regulation load for an infirm old quadruped to tug over the slippery pavement. It is horrible cruelty, of course, but let us all respect the rights of property.

Society owes amends, it appears, to Mr. Greenwood, for questioning the authenticity of his famous "man and dog fight." A battle similar in all essentials is just reported at Kilmurrah, the combatants being a ruffian famous for eating live cockroaches and breaking bottles with his teeth, and a brindled bull-terrier. The human brute, who had his hands tied behind him, got the better of the first round, but was lucky enough to catch hold with his teeth before the dog knew what was coming. But in the next round the brindled one pulled up leeway by chewing his antagonist's nose gaily, and in the third round the cockroach-eater caved in. I regret that the report does not conclude with his consignment to prison; let us hope that it will follow in due course.

The Nagas, an Indian tribe, affirm that the bile of a cobra, if thoroughly rubbed into the wound made by the serpent's fangs, acts as an infallible antidote to the poison. But it must be done at once, as the poison spreads very quickly through the blood. I doubt whether even the greatest possible despatch were used, the operation would be of any avail. It is the extraordinary celerity with which the deadly virus corrupts the blood that has rendered all antidotes unavailing. Death usually follows within an hour from the time of bite, but the first symptoms show themselves immediately afterwards all over the body, a sure proof that the poison has permeated the blood.

### THE ACTOR.

At this moment, I should say, the busiest man in the London theatrical world is Mr. Charles Harris, who has "The Red Hussar" and Her Majesty's pantomime both upon his shoulders, so far as what is called the "production" is concerned. Few people who are not in the inner circle have any idea of what is meant by "producing" a piece. They fancy that the actors learn their parts, and the chorus and supers learn theirs—and there you are! They have no idea of the labour and skill which must be displayed by the stage-manager in keeping all the performers in order, arranging for their exits and entrances, their positions and "business" on the stage, and, in a word, licking the piece into shape.

In the case of a pantomime, the work devolving upon the "producer" is enormous. It is he who invents the big sensations, who suggests "business" with the principals, who controls the goings in and out of the smaller fry, who drills into the heads of the supers and extra ladies the ideas he desires them to carry out. He must have a keen eye for theatrical effect, and especially for colour and for grouping. He must be able to perceive the proportion between the several parts of the "show," and be prepared, in the end, to be thought of by the public last of all.

Friday, December 20th, is the date announced for the beginning of Mr. F. N. Benson's reign at the Globe Theatre. It will not be long, therefore, before the youngest London manager is in our midst. I was not surprised when Miss Loe Fuller's season at the Globe came to so abrupt a close early in this week. It had been whispered to me that such a thing was likely to happen just a week previously. We are bound to accept the official explanation of "indisposition," but I am compelled to say that that was not the explanation given of the former threatened collapse.

Probably no one will be so glad as Mr. Hare to

see the first performance of the English "La Tosca" come off satisfactorily. I hear that his devotion to the work has been great. Of course, every manager is anxious about every new production, but I am told that Mr. Hare has given a very large amount of time and thought to this particular play, which, indeed, is not so easy one to deal with. It has been "adapted" by Messrs. Hamilton and Grove, and there will be much curiosity to note what (if anything) they have inserted and what omitted. Much will depend upon these points.

On Monday next Miss Grace Hawthorne will tempt fortune with "Theodora" in English at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. It is a plucky effort, and Englishmen, who love luck, will be glad to see it succeed in this particular case. Miss Hawthorne is not, perhaps, eminently well fitted by physique for the rôle she will essay. She seems too short for it. But there are few things so futile as prophecy about the stage, in regard to which the unexpected usually happens.

"The Jackal," which is to be seen in London on the afternoon of the 28th, is, it is said, the work of Mr. "Alec Nelson," otherwise Dr. Edward Aveling, formerly well-known in connection with the Socialistic agitation, always well-known as an able writer of scientific handbooks. As "Alec Nelson" Dr. Aveling has written, and acted in, more than one dramatic piece. His little play of "Dregs" struck me as genuinely effective, and since I saw it I have been quite prepared to find its author bringing out work which should deserve serious attention and conscientious criticism.

Not much is left to say about the music of the soon forthcoming "Red Hussar," but I may record that what is likely to prove one of the hits of the opera is a concerted piece and song for the heroine, sung by Miss Tempest, with Mr. Arthur Williams and chorus, and called "The Whimsical Girl." Miss Tempest should be well suited as the dashing village singer, who, to mystify her lover, the young squire, sings a song done for a time the clothes of an Austrian Red Hussar. Mr. Davies, Mr. Coffin, and Miss Dyaart are equally well fitted, and the best may be expected from the clever new-comers, Miss Holland, Mrs. Sidney, and Mr. Albert Christian, the last-named of whom had his early training in the provincial D'Oyly Carte companies.

"The New Corsican Brothers" appears to have been a success at Liverpool, where it was brought out on Monday for the first time prior to production at our Royal Theatre. Mr. Cecil Raleigh should have measured Mr. Arthur Roberts for his part, which is, naturally, very prominent, and apparently brims over with fun as played by Mr. Roberts, who is specially complimented on an imitation of the habits and manners of "variety artists." I gather that he revels in comic "business," and that, after him, most impression has been made by Mr. Deane Brand, Miss Kate Chard (both old Savoyards), and Miss Lettie Bennett.

I should have thought that when it was announced that the Gaiety company in "Faust Up to Date" were to be at the Grand, Islington, this week (and next), there would have been a great and immediate influx of the "Johnnies" into the neighbourhood of the Angel. On the first night of the engagement one or two boxes and about a dozen stalls were occupied by persons in radiant evening raiment, but these seemed to be all the "manners" present. Is Islington too much in "the wilds" for the jeunesse stage-dorée?

### GENERAL CHATTER.

Might I suggest to our municipal authorities that it would be well to instruct the men who scatter gravel in the streets to do their spitting gently? Passing along Piccadilly the other afternoon, I witnessed what might easily have proved a fatal accident through the carelessness of a man so employed. He discharged a shovelful of gravel with such force that a pony drawing a trap, in which were two respectable men, got peppered about the legs, and taking fright, dashed off westwards at full gallop. Fortunately one wheel came into contact with the kerb at the bottom of the hill, and the trap upset, with no other injury to the occupants than some bad bruises; but had it continued its wild career to where the cross traffic from Hamilton-place pours into Piccadilly, a terrible collision would have been inevitable.

There is room for private co-operation among families in the matter of importing Irish farming produce. My placens sors has just started a small experiment by getting butter and poultry from a farm near Cork by parcels post. The quality of both is excellent, but, owing to the expensive means of transmission, the money saving does not come to much—not more than 2d. per lb. on the butter and 6d. per fowl. But if several families living near one another joined together, the consignments might be forwarded by cheaper instrumentality than the Post Office. Our purveyors are two and sixpence, but, finding it impossible to get their rents paid, have bravely gone in for farming their own land. We have the comfort of feeling, therefore, that we are conferring benefit on the deserving, while at the same time somewhat retrenching our housekeeping expenses.

Novelists complain, with good reason, that it is most unfair to them to tell the plots of their stories in newspaper criticism. That capital Christmas tale, "The Dreams of Dives," by Mr. Besant, was lately dealt with in this manner by an evening paper. It set forth the exact manner in which the tangle produced by the change of characters was unravelled, thus forestalling the interest of any reader who chanced to read the criticism. A critic's part is to express opinion on the whole, not to give details for the sake of making interesting matter out of other people's brains.

I had imagined that butchers no longer observed those peculiar hymeneal ceremonies with marrowbones and cleavers which used to obtain in olden times. But when surveying mankind from the knifeboard of an omnibus the other evening, my ears caught the jangling music which they had not heard since childhood. It proceeded from a van in which was a crowded party of butchers and butchereuses in wedding attire, all singing as hard as they could and beating a devil's accompaniment with the aforeaid instruments. But the performance lacked the artistic quality which, in the days of my youth, rendered marrowbone and cleaver music rather pleasant than otherwise.

To make people happy; how easy it is to do on a small scale! A friend of mine, who lays himself out for this sort of philanthropy, always makes a point of presenting some deserving family with a ten shilling box of Brock's fireworks in November. He patronises that artist in pyrotechny because there is assurance of getting good money's worth. Perhaps (I grudge) I will say that the money would be more profitably spent on food and clothes. I deny it; having been present the other night when the recipients of the gift were turning it to account. I can answer for it that ten shillings never afforded gratification to a larger number of human beings. The family had invited a number of their neighbours, young and old, to witness the display, and the little back garden echoed with shouts of delight for a good two hours.

At the late Barnum banquet, an elderly foreign waiter, with but a limited knowledge of the English language, displayed exceptional assiduity in his attentions to the section of guests under his immediate charge. Nearly opposite were some civic dignitaries, attended to by their own footmen in gorgeous liveries. "De high sheriff and de two under-sheriffs, gentlemen," whispered the foreign waiter to his party, and he continued to repeat the information at short intervals. "Yes, yes," broke in one of the personated at last. "We know that; of course, the high sheriff and Gog and Magog." "Yes, Gog and Magog, to be sure," replied the ubiquitous alien, who, passing quickly on to another section of guests, retailed this additional piece of information for their edifica-

tion. They probably regarded it as a waiter's witticism.

My revered chief, the editor, often receives correspondence asking whether the law appoints any punishment for the miserable Paul Frys who open and read other people's letters. Until now, considerable doubt has hedged round the question, but a decision has just been given by the county court judge at Bolton, happily prescribing a means of redress. The case before him was that of the manager of a co-operative store, who had opened, read, and retained a letter addressed to one of the female assistants. His only excuse was that he did it "for the good of the establishment;" but the learned judge mulcted him in the sum of £10 and costs, remarking that "persons are unquestionably damaged by having their private letters opened." Telegrams come, of course, into the same category. In all cases of the sort, therefore, the victim should take action in the county court.

### MR. WHEELER.

The outside world imagines that with the beginning of winter the cyclist becomes as other men are. An absurd delusion; to my way of thinking it is the very season when those gifts and graces, which especially distinguish him, are most in evidence. The superfluous energies, which have been wont to expend themselves on the road, now find a safety valve in tepidochoric revels, while his fine natured thirst slakes itself at afternoon tea in feminine company. A most sociable, hospitable, and open-handed creature is the cyclist; there is nothing which affords him more delight than seeing other people happy, and to bring about that object he will sacrifice time, trouble, and money with the lightest of heart.

These reflections occurred to me the other evening when attending a dancing festivity of a certain well-known club. Entirely devoid of ostentation and managed on economical lines, the affair was enjoyable from first to last, nor have I often seen assembled more pretty feminine faces or better types of English manhood. If I might hint a touch of hostile criticism it would be that some of the masculine dancers seemed to occasionally imagine that they were "going for the last quarter." However, their partners appeared to relish the speed, and no collision was, so far as I saw, followed by fatal consequences.

There ought to be a considerable number of new riders on the road next year, judging from the many novices one sees practising in the gloaming. I suppose it is his bashfulness which generally influences the tyro to postpone the process of education until the beginning of winter. He can then make sure of the friendly veil of darkness without sitting up half the night awaiting its coming. It is amusing to see the young hand when he gets a cropper, his first glance on getting up is always directed, not to his machine, but all around to discover whether his mishap was observed. Then, note the alacrity with which he remounts, pretending to make light of the fall as a veteran might do.

At last I have seen a Rudge triplet on the road. This remarkable event took place last Saturday, near Barnes Common. It did not seem to me that the beater of all records was going fast; on the contrary, its progress was of the slow and sure variety. Yet the three riders appeared to be working pretty hard, and judging from their "form," I should say they were experienced cyclists. Nor was there anything wrong either with the road or the wind. I can only account, therefore, for the apparent failure of the machine to act up to its antecedents by surmising that a northern climate is required to develop its full capabilities.

I hear that some of the great makers already have a large number of orders on hand for delivery next spring, the chief part being for tradesmen's carriers. Great improvements are being introduced into these economical machines, the aim being to combine strength with lightness and sweet reasonableness of price. It is said that many traders are giving up their higher wages delivery men who can both ride a machine and keep it in good working condition. If this be the case, there would seem to be scope for genius in the opening of schools of elementary instruction in the mechanism, mending, and cleaning of cycles.

An obliging correspondent at Bow, noting my request for information about the monocycle, writes me that one of these extraordinary machines may still be seen in Yorkshire. It consists of one huge wheel, fifteen feet in diameter, the rider sitting suspended from the hub. To the engine, the united efforts of three or four men are required, and as the steering is most erratic, the rider generally finds himself in collision with something or in a convenient ditch. Another correspondent tells of a similar monstrosity which he saw twenty years ago in the Midlands, the invention of a too clever genius, who was always producing impracticable fads.

I am asked by a Belfast correspondent to give judgment on the merits of the pneumatic cycle, or rather the tyre band on that principle. Wait a bit; it has not yet been sufficiently tested. Experts say that it makes the going wonderfully smooth and easy, but that in the case of the wheelers it increases the side slipping tendency, a very serious defect. It also remains to be shown whether the inflated tyre might not get cut through on rough roads.

Well done, the gallant Yankee wheelwoman of Sunderland! A fair American cyclist there has just beaten the tri-cycle record for eighteen hours, accomplishing 200 miles in that time, the next lady being only six miles behind. A marvellous performance, truly, although somewhat disconcerted by its having taken place on an asphalt skating rink, where the going would necessarily be very much faster and far less exhausting than on the road. Some women are really capital riders, doing quite their fair share of work on tandems and sociables. I know one down in the country whom it takes a good man to pass when she is mounted on her light roadster tri-cycle. As for the exercise being injurious to women, that absurd theory is pretty well "busted up" by conclusive medical testimony that their health benefits by it.

### ABDUCTING AN ACTRESS.

Following in the steps of Soledad, the Spanish gitana, an actress has now disappeared from the footlights of the Nouveautés Theatre. The fair fugitive is Mlle. Pierry, who played in "The Kingdom of Women." She has been carried off by one of her numerous admirers, who was more energetic and enterprising than his rivals, and had evidently determined to imitate the Sabine system so successfully practised by the amorous Muscovite, the captor of the Star of the Gipsies of Granada. The abduction of the actress, however, is all the more piquant owing to the fact that Mlle. Pierry took what is called "la poudre d'escampette," or "French leave," during a recent act of the play in which she had appeared. When the curtain went down she repaired, arrayed in all her tights, spangles, and general golden glory, to her dressing-room, where she threw a cloak over her alabaster shoulders and vanished.

The death is announced of Levi Jones, blacksmith, residing in the Welsh village of Waunarlwydd, aged 100 years.

A farmer named Mellars, of Carlton-in-Lindrick, has been fined £5 and costs for having offered for sale four quarters of a beast which was unfit for human food.

BOULTON FLEET—A BRAIN AND BODY FOOD.—Highly nutritious and stimulating. Easy of digestion, pleasant to taste (not spicy). Indispensable to travellers and business men. It can be taken at all times when refreshment is needed. Boulton Fleet is a nourishing Food, giving strength and sustaining the system, and stimulating the nerves. Invalids thrive upon it. It keeps the healthy strong. Makes magnificent Beef Tea and delicious Soups without the aid of butter's richness. Also for Stomach, Gravel, Rheumatism, &c.—Sold everywhere in Bottles.—Adapted.



## CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From Moonshine.)

Professor Gladstone remarks that, even when they have had no dinner, the children of the London board schools are never without lollipops. We congratulate Professor Gladstone; "a regular suck" is exactly what the School Board needs in the future raterayer.

The Emperor William has been doing Constantinople thoroughly, and from the tone of the Russian press it would appear as though he had been doing St. Petersburg a little as well.

A Mr. Haggis has been elected deputy-chairman of the London County Council at a salary of £1,500. The Progressive majority had all their own way, and Haggis was carried by a solid vote of the party which calls him "Aggie."

Except that Mr. Haggis is an active politician, he seems to have no special claim to an annual donation from our well-worried pockets—which, moreover, was not at all needed, since other persons were ready to do the work without payment. However, we may rest assured that we shall hear of further salaries yet. The poor devil section of the London County Council we fear very much do not keep all their Haggis in one basket.

The late Lord Mayor has been made a baronet. This is the kind public's reward for keeping up the City for another year. However, it seems to us that we shall not be able much longer to burn the candle at both ends, and find money for the City and the County Council too. Suppose we get rid of one of them; and if somebody must be a baronet, let the baronetcy be given to the rate-collector.

The strike leaders are working it up well. It would be good to know what they mean to do with us when their organisation is complete. We seem as much politics in the course of things as we do of the claims of labour. At all events, there never was a time when a much fuss was made about a little work. It makes one ashamed of oneself to feel that—that such a lot of us are getting lazy.

(From Wadell.)

"Wadell is in the hands of the Mahdists." Wadell fallen? This is Mahdism!—It only shows one what delay can bring—Sheer, sleepy indecision how to act. Untempered Wadell-ness, in fact.

(From Wadell.)

ONE FOUND NOTES. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is engaged on a banking scheme involving the issue of £1 note, with a State guarantee for their value. And has it come to this? The Scot may doze upon his greasy, creamy one-pun notes; Here folks will flout our currency-contriver, And christen him "The One-Pound Note Re-Fiver."

PUTTING HIM RIGHT ABOUT IT.—Polite individual (to needy person, whom he has knocked against accidentally): I beg your pardon.—Needy person: For good luck sake don't beg anything. Give me something.

(From Punch.)

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.—"What, Gus! Leaving the office already? Why, it's hardly four!"—"Well, governor, a fellow must get westward in time to do the Arcade, you know."

A CLEAN HEART OF IT.—The Magistrate: Oh!—You admit making counterfeit money then?—Prisoner (tearfully): Well, the fact is, your worship, the supply of the genuine article is so extremely limited, and things generally are so very tight commercially, that a poor fellow must do something these times to turn an honest penny!

STARTLING APPEARANCE.—"Reappearance of Professor Pepper at the Polytechnic!" He vanished fully ten years ago. Is it really our old entertaining friend, Professor Pepper, or is it Pepper's Ghost? On the latter supposition, we may inquire if the Polytechnic has a spirit license?

ROSE ROSE AND TOAST.—Our toast is, "Marie Rose; her health." We are very glad to hear that Madame Marie Rose has entirely recovered from the effects of her fall. The incident may be summarised thus: for there must be always something of the summary about a Rose—"Marie Rose; Marie fell; Marie rose up again, and her foothold on the ladder of public favour is firmer than ever."

A WEAK POINT.—Sir, I am not a theologian, but if I am, without knowing it, I'm as good as any other theologian. Protestants always triumphantly attack the Pope's infallibility. Every one knows what a bull in. It's blunder, a mistake. Now, sir, I'm going to bring forward one argument which will destroy once and for ever the whole doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. If their holinesses are infallible, they can't make blunders, can they now? "Certainly not," says Father Tom. "Well, your reverence," says I, "consult your history. Haven't the Popes all along made any amount of blunders?" And with that I turned on my heel, whistling "Boysie Water," and left his reverence bothered entirely.—No Plus Ulter.

THE NINTH.—The Lord Mayor's Show, arranged by Mr. Lewis Wiggin, was a great success, and Mr. Punch presents Barnum, Junior, with the freedom of Fleet-street. The biggest crowd assembled to witness it that has been seen for some years. Lewis Le Grand himself sat in a carriage with three City magnates, and tried to look as if he had got there by accident and his friends were merely "giving him a lift." In the evening the scene in the Guildhall was brilliant. Mr. Stanhope spoke boldly about national defences when he looked round and saw General Buller in a brand new uniform, with a sword by his side.

"Ready, eye ready," and Colonel Brichouse, ablaze in scarlet, looking like a county court martial, burning to draw pleadings, defend the innocent, or charge a prisoner at the bar. Lord Salisbury was heavy. He had nothing to say, and said something less than that, as he omitted to propose the Lord Mayor's health, and had to be stirred up again, when he rose in his place and gave the toast as a sort of after-thought. Sir Henry Isaac spoke well, clearly, to the point, and, above all, briefly. Arthur Balfour received a big ovation, and assumed an air of quiet surprise, as if engaged to maintain whether the applause might not have been intended for some one else. Altogether a notable Ninth.

L.C.C. PROSPECTS.—When Lord Rosebery retires from the chairmanship of the L.C.C., it is generally feared that they will make a nice hash of it. It is now certain that if not a hash, there'll be a considerable taste of Haggis about whatever they do.

(From Judy.)

AN AGREEMENT IN TERMS.—First City Man: So you've converted your business into a limited liability company, eh? What's the reason?—Second C. M.: Well, it's this, old man. I like to see things correspond, and as my means have been limited for so long, I thought it would be more appropriate to have the business "limited" as well.

SAM WELLERISM.—"We're toilers of the sea," as the bishop and his coadjutor remarked.—"We're under weigh," as the old salt engaged on the "Thames Suburbs" said when he started work.—"Called to the bar," as the barrister said when instructed to take her spell of duty.—"Sorry I spoke," as the shaver groaned when the barber cut him.—"Tra-la-la," as the emigrant Savoyard sang to his native mountains.—"On tramp," as the pugilist said boasting a cadger.—"Time's flying," as the owner of a watch remarked when a sneak ran off with it.

OLD CHINA FOR SALE. Job Lot.—"Well," said the old chinnaman, "Job and Lot lived a long, a very long time ago; it really must be very ancient china; I shall endeavour to get some."

MUSCLE MEN IN LONDON.—The conversation turned upon the two strong men at the Aquarium. Some swore by Samson, others by Sandow. But Jones, the wit of the party, said he had no preference for either of the giants, as they were not Christians. Astonished by the strangeness of this remark, we asked him what he made them out to be. "Muslimen," he rejoined, amidst groans of disapprobation, showing that such cheap

can never be tolerated in a free and enlightened country. EMILIO BRAGA!—Ah, now! I won't give you a copper, miss? Div'l a bit have I got to do at this blessed day, savin' a drink o' wather, an' that's the truth!

OLD CAMPAIGNER'S TACTICS.—Charles: I see, Maud, you have put my photograph in a place of honour.—Maud: Yes, I always reserve that place for the man I am engaged to—that is, I mean to say—And it took her half an hour to explain away that unlucky speech and restore confidence.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

(From Punch.)

PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT MET.—The artist who never indulged in the pleasures of the palette. The poet who wrote his verses by daylight so that his metre might not halt. The banker who did not worship gold, but only honoured cheques. The soldier who had served so long with the colours that he was quite prepared to die for his country. The policeman whose heart was always on the beat. The letter carrier who was continually driven from pillar to post. The clown cricketer who kept his timber up with a hairpin's bat.

A TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR COMPLIMENT.—Colonel Coppens (U.S.A.): Of course you ascended to the top of the Eiffel Tower when you were in Paris, Miss Lillian?—Miss Lillian (absently, her thoughts gravitating in the unknown direction of her cousin Phil, who ought to have been there, but not there, so take her down to dinner): Oh, yes—of course.—Colonel C.: You may credit me, Miss Lillian, when I tell you I would have given twenty thousand dollars to have been with you at that elevation.—Miss L. (with really charming vagueness): Why, Colonel?—Colonel C.: Because it would have been well worth the money to have been able to dine with you so near to the recognised dwelling place of the angels.

DOCTRINAL.—It was a Sunday evening discussion, and the reverend gentleman finished up a succession of posers, viz.: At any rate, there is one thing man cannot do—he cannot create. "Oh, yes he can," said one of the unregenerate. "Indeed, sir," said the parson, adding, with an air that said "Now I've got you," "and what, may I ask, pray?" "Why, sir, he can create—a disturbance and an obstruction." The curate collapsed.

A GREATER MISFORTUNE.—First Huntsman: Yes, we were crossing Fallow Field Gorse in full view. It was a lovely burst for about ten minutes, and he and I were in the first flight, when his mare crossed her legs, sent him a "burler," and broke his bones.—Second Huntsman: That was bad.—First Huntsman: Yes. But the worst of it all was, I pulled up to see him right and lost my field.

The best place to lodge complaints—At the hospital. I didn't hear the commencement of the conversation. All that caught my ear was the voice of the young lady saying, in great indignation, "I don't know what you mean, and if I did I shouldn't understand it!" Then the "last touch of the brogue" was hardly necessary to convince me of the nationality of the speaker.

He always was an ass of a fellow, and when a friend said, "Will you go to the banquet?" it was hardly thought peculiar when he said, "Bank we! ah, then, I shan't sit on it."

(From Punch.)

YANKER BLAZE.—The proprietor of the greatest show on 'arth has confidentially informed a representative of ours that he is over in this country "to make things hum." "To make things Barn'um," we suppose he meant.

PENNY WISE.—Street Vendor: "Ere 'ere! Penny-rammer of the Lor' Mare's Show! Penny-rammer of the Show! Penny—" Professor Finick: My man, don't say penny-rammer. It's not a penny.—Street Vendor: Gam! I s'pose you want one for a penny!

LORD MAYORSHIP THE "BUNST."—The out-going Lord Mayor of London has informed an inquisitive journalist that he has partaken of 250 public dinners during the last twelve months. The wonder is that he should have lived to complete his full term of office and get through the civic programme. It is not every one who is made of such hardy stuff. But, by the way, we know why Lord Mayor Isaac at one time contemplated taking a walk on the Ninth. It was evidently to give him an appetite for his dinner!

SAMSON AGONISTES.—Ethel: Haven't we been quiet, Auntie? We've been playing Samson, and Bertie has broken the chain over his arm six times.—Auntie: That is nice; but where did you get the chain, darling?—Ethel: We found it on your dressing-table, Auntie. It's your watch chain.

HINDOO HINDOO-GEMMENTS.—Oxford is now the favoured resort of our Indian subjects. One Indian lady student is entered at Somerville Hall, and an Indian gentleman is publishing a monthly periodical in the town, and another Indian has opened a grocer's shop at this seat of learning. Evidently the Oxford curriculum is highly approved of by the Hindoo.

An infuriated bull recently charged a number of policemen in the streets of Bristol. This was certainly an inversion of matters, for, as a rule, it is the constables who do the charging. If we are to judge from its antipathy to the police, the animal was doubtless an Irish bull.

Mental Abstraction.—Acting French plays. A Law Suit—Wine and gown. Football Note—Sharp Play: Kicking a winning point.

A Prodigal Son (in the Matter of Challenges)—Samson, of the Aquarium. Held up to Admiration—A Looking-glass. An Individual Fond of Making Tracks—The railway contractor.

Quite an Unfounded Charge—The waiter's fee. Sanitary Anomaly—Drains that are all the better for being stopped: Little ones out of the spirit decanter.

A Borrowed Plume—Your neighbour's pen. Guilded Youth—The younger members of the City companies.

The question of milk carrying by railway companies has just formed the subject of a discussion among the members of the Cheshire Chamber of Agriculture. The point was whether the milk should be rated per gallon or per can. Eventually a resolution in favour of the former mode of charging was passed.

"21,000 WORDS OF 'XMAS CARDS' at less than half-price are offered by the proprietor of the new Monthly Magazine, comically and rightly named 'Prizes; or, Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser.' Bites are being filled by four men with well-assorted Cards, all kinds, to suit everybody's taste. Each box contains Fifty Cards, and will sent, post free, for 2s. P.O. or 12 stamps. There are two Cards usually sold at 6d. each, at 3d. as 2d., 1d. as 6d., 1d. as 6d., and smaller ones; the lot sold singly would 'fetch' 4s. 6d. They are cheap enough to sell again, the choice designs by the best manufacturers (Messrs. Baskett, Tuck, Adams Ward, &c.). Furthermore, a ticket in every box to enter, entirely free of charge, an easy Legal Competition, not guessing, but one that any one can do. Two hundred valuable presents, consisting of Bank Notes and Portmanteaux, Ladies and Gent's Gold Watches, Gold Chains, Silver Chains, sewing Machines, treadle and hand (best makers), Silver Watches, Clocks, Opera and Field Glasses, Gold and Silver Penicils Cases, 100 presents for men, and 100 for ladies. This 6d. lot of Cards, besides 100 valentines, are offered for 2s. by the proprietor and his valentines are a new magazine, to make known the book comically and rightly named 'Prizes; or, Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser.' A copy of the book is enclosed free for 1d. This month's prizes are 21,000 words in various sums: 1st prize, £20, for counting the letter 'P' most correctly in 'Prizes; or, Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser.' 2d. prize, £5, for guessing the time a watch will stop at. 3d. and 4th. to any one sending names and addresses of friends. 'Xmas Boxes to every one. Presents to boys and girls, 2s. and Watches for writing the word 'Prizes' most times on the back of a post card. 200 prizes for writing eight names. Particularly notice the proprietor has chosen easy tasks that any one can do, even the child at school. Send to-day 1d. for a copy. I am also sending post free for 1s. P.O. or 12 stamps, carefully packed in box, a Lady's Purse, suitable for 'Xmas presents. When writing say if you would like small fancy purse or medium size. Remember these offers are made to make known 'Prizes; or, Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser.' and are given as Christmas presents, and if not as represented I guarantee to return the 2s. in full, no reduction being made for carriage whatever. Write for a specimen copy of book, and win the £20 and other prizes. Address all letters to 'Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser,' 39, Queen-street, Finsbury, Kent. (Write for the December Number of 'Prizes; or, Pain's Monthly Dump Dispenser,' just published, post free, 1d. Christmas Number ready December 15th. Send instructions.)

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From The World.)

The Emperor William is to pay his frequently postponed visit to the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt before the end of this month, and he will there see his aunt, Princess Christian (who will come from Wiesbaden to meet him) and also his sister-in-law, Princess Henry of Prussia, who has been staying with her father during Prince Henry's absence in the Mediterranean. The Emperor is to proceed from Darmstadt to Coblenz, to pay a brief visit to his grandmother, the Empress Augusta, who arrived at the Electoral Palace last week from Baden Baden, and she is to stay there until the 2nd of December, when she goes to Berlin for the winter.

Princess Marie of Hanover has suddenly left Garmisch for St. Petersburg on a visit to her mother's sister, the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg, who is married to the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch. Princess Marie, who is her brother's great friend and confidant, is believed to be entrusted with a political mission, as the Emperor of Russia and the King of Denmark have again been endeavouring to arrange a modus vivendi between the Duke of Cumberland and the Prussian Government, to which the Emperor William is ready to agree, in spite of the disapproval of Prince Bismarck, whose hatred of the royal family of Hanover is as strong a sentiment as was Lord Palmerston's aversion to the Orleans clan.

Prince Albert Victor will be accompanied throughout his tour in India by Captain George Holford, of the 1st Life Guards, Captain Harvey, of the 10th Hussars, and General Bentley, of the Indian Army, who are now with him. Captain Alwyn Greville, who went out in the same ship, accompanied by his wife, as did Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, is not officially "attached" to the expedition. According to private telegrams received the prince has created a very favourable impression.

There seems to be no end to the nonsensical stories about Lady Holland and the Holland House estate. The latest fiction is that she "made over all her property to Lord Lichester in a moment of exasperation," after a quarrel with Prince Lichtenstein; but presently, having made her peace with her "son-in-law" (he), she wanted to "free" the estate, but could not do so, having bound it too firmly to Lord Lichester. This is all a farrow of falsehoods. Lady Holland, many years ago, entered into an agreement with Lord Lichester by which he undertook to pay her £10,000 a year for life, in return for which she granted him the right of leasing that portion of the park which borders upon Notting Hill for building purposes. Lord Lichester has since managed the property so judiciously that it now brings in upwards of £20,000 a year, while what the Scotch would term the "amenities" of Holland House are in no way interfered with. This is all arranged that Holland House should pass to Lord Lichester, who is the representative of the Fox family, without which a variety of information is to be found in Sir George Trevelyan's very entertaining work, "The Early Days of Charles James Fox." Prince Lichtenstein did not require any assistance from Lady Holland.

Figures do not always lie, and as Lord Falmouth never better, it is not difficult to compute how large his profits must have been from 1870 to the sale of his stud in 1884, seeing that during that period he won nearly a quarter of a million in the turf, and his stud in training and racing had fetched considerably over £100,000. This was independent of the large sums he had received for other horses sold privately, and after making the most liberal allowance for expenses, it will be safe to assert that Lord Falmouth made more money out of the turf than any of his contemporaries. Of course, a number of these latter, who have been trying all their lives to get hold of a good horse, but who have never succeeded, affected to believe that the success of Lord Falmouth was "all luck," and the hint that Lord Falmouth did not deserve the highest credit for having twice won the Derby and Two Thousand, three times the St. Leger, and so forth. But he could afford to let them snigger and carp, the truth being that, aided by luck though he undoubtedly was, he was not only a fine judge of a horse, but had the most intimate knowledge of breeding. It is but poor praise to say of one who never indulged in betting, even to the tune of a modest "pony," that his reputation for integrity was spotless; but Lord Falmouth does, nevertheless, deserve credit for having set an example which has not been without its influence. His death occurred within two days of the third anniversary of Archer's tragic end, and it will not be forgotten that it was by his riding of Lord Falmouth's horses that Archer first came to note as a jockey.

(From Truth.)

Prince Albert Victor will probably prolong his stay in the East, and it is unlikely that he will return to England before the middle of next summer.

It stated several months ago that the apartments in St. James's Palace which were occupied by the Duchess of Cambridge for nearly forty years had been given by the Queen to Prince Albert Victor, after the Duke of Connaught refused them, and that the interior was to be entirely reconstructed, redecorated, and refurnished. It now appears that these improvements are to be carried out by the Office of Works at the expense of the public, and I hear that the House of Commons will next year be requested to vote £3,000 on this account.

There is much alarm at the Court of Vienna about the Queen Regent of Spain, who contemplates contracting a morganatic marriage, and the hurried visit of her uncle, the Archduke Albert, to Madrid, was connected with this project, to which the Emperor and all her family are strongly opposed.

Bushey Park was lent by the Queen many years ago to the Duc de Nemours, because he had married one of Prince Albert's cousins, and the place has always been kept up for him by the country. I hear that the due now contemplates surrendering Bushey, in which case it is to be granted to the Queen by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg.

NARROW ESCAPES OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

A Reuter's telegram from Vienna states that two misadventures, one of which at least might have had serious consequences, have befallen Prince Albert Victor. After being photographed in the morning and holding a reception of native princes, his royal highness ascended the Pabutti Hill on an elephant. The beast stumbled and fell, but Prince Albert Victor was able to dismount in safety. In returning later to Margala House, the prince drove in a carriage, the horses of which took fright and bolted. The carriage was damaged, but the prince, fortunately, escaped without injury.

In the evening his royal highness dined with the Duke of Connaught. The illuminations in the city were superb.

"THE USUAL CAUTION."

William Burdell, a carpenter, was charged at the Wandsworth Police Court with being a suspected person found on the enclosed premises of Northfields, Clapham Common, the residence of Mrs. Stevens, supposed for the purpose of committing a felony.—Police-constable Broome, 324 V, said he arrested the prisoner and cautioned him in the usual way.—Mr. Mead: What do you mean, in the usual way?—Witness: I told him that what he said would be taken down in writing and possibly used in evidence against him.—Mr. Mead: Have you written instructions about cautions?—Witness: Yes, sir; but I have not them with me.—Inspector Malone, who was in court, said that was not the case. There were no written instructions—there was an order against it.—Mr. Mead was glad to hear that. He was of opinion that a constable should only state the charge and listen to what was said. The best advice he could give to a constable was, "Keep your mouth shut and your ears open."—Keep your mouth shut and your ears open. It had cautioned the prisoner, Mr. Mead observed that he was not complaining.—The defendant was remanded.

## THE GARDEN.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

## Treatment of Begonias.

"W. J. F." says the leaves of his begonias are falling off, and wishes to know the cause. There are several classes of begonias. Probably "W. J. F.'s" plants belong to the tuberous-rooted section, and, if so, it is natural for them to cast off their leaves now. The stems then die down, and the plants go to rest for the winter. Very little water should be given during winter, only sufficient to keep the tubers fresh. In the spring, when the new growth starts away, the plants should be re-potted, shaking away most of the old soil and repotting in clean, well-drained pots in about equal parts of loam and leaf mould, with sufficient sand to make the soil porous.

## Moving a Grape Vine.

"Malcolm" may either move his grape vine now—I suppose it is growing in the open air—or wait till February. If the ground is poor he may dig in some stable manure; or, better still, work in from half a peck to a gallon of crushed bones, the latter are excellent for grape vines. It will be better to delay cutting down the willow hedge till February, as then the old plants will break out and become green almost immediately. Willow cuttings made from the strong wood may be planted any time from this to next March. Press the soil firmly around them.

## Destroying Weeds on Walks.

"W. J." wishes for something to destroy weeds on gravel walks. All weed destroyers should be used in summer. At this time of year the frequent rains wash away the strength of the killer, and very often the edges to the walks suffer more than the weeds. Salt sprinkled over the walks in a dry time will kill weeds or it may be in the shape of hot brine, one pound of salt to a gallon of water boiled in a copper, and the walks moistened with a rosed watering-pot. Sulphuric acid mixed with water, at the rate of half a pint of acid to two gallons of water, and applied through a rosed pot, will kill weeds, but, as I said before, all such applications to be effective should be used in dry weather. If I had a weedy walk to deal with now, I should dig it over so as to bury the weeds, then tread it over, rake the surface level, or rather place the gravel with a slight fall from the centre to the sides to throw off the water, and then roll it down as firm as possible. I could make a gravel path neat and clean at a less cost this way than by using weed killers at this season of the year.

## Treatment of an Oleander.

"J. C. J." has an oleander in his greenhouse. The plant is full of buds, but he fears they will not come into bloom. If the buds are only just forming, and the greenhouse is kept cool through the winter, the buds may not open till next year, but if the plant is healthy the buds will open some time. When the buds have formed very late in autumn I have had them remain nearly stationary all the winter and then flower early the next summer. If the roots are healthy and the pots well drained, oleanders require a good deal of water, but less, of course, in winter than summer; but the roots must not be permitted to get very dry at any time, or the buds may drop off without opening. I don't know what treatment our correspondent's plant has received during summer, but I generally place my plants in the open air in summer after they have flowered, and this ripens the wood for the next year's crop of blossoms.

## Gooseberry and Currant Notes.

"C. W. S." has some gooseberry bushes which are sprawling all over the garden path, and wishes to know what he is to do to make them more compact. First cut off all shoots from round the bottom of the bushes which are growing too near the ground, then cut back those shoots which extend over the walk, shortening back or cutting clean out any long shoots on the other side of the bushes to make a symmetrical doing what is over thinning is necessary at the same time. It should be borne in mind that if the young wood is cut in very close there will not be many gooseberries, as the finest fruit is borne on the strong young wood, but if the pruning is done judiciously it is quite possible to put the bushes into a compact shape and size without sacrificing the crop. The other question is somewhat vague. As a rule, in pruning red currant trees or bushes the young shoots of the current year are cut back to within an inch or so of the old wood. This is called "topping" them, and the fruit is borne in clusters on the small spurs. After the young shoots have been spurred in, the leading shoots are shortened more or less according to length and strength, keeping, as I have already said, an eye upon the shape of the tree, so that its symmetry is not marred.

## Keeping Geranium Cuttings in Winter.

The only safe way of keeping geranium cuttings through the winter is to keep them in some part of the house where frost cannot reach them, and to give only water enough to keep the wood and foliage fresh, and a very little will be sufficient for this till the days begin to lengthen, after the new year comes.

## Checking the Growth of Mint.

"G. W. D." is in a dilemma. Some time ago he planted a root or two of mint and now it is overrunning the garden. If the mint is an intruder the roots must be forked out. It becomes a weed in some soils, but it is not generally very difficult to keep it within bounds. Cut it round with a spade and fork out the roots beyond the line. Merely digging it in will not kill the underground roots.

## Filling Window Boxes.

Dwarf shrubs of the following varieties are cheap and suitable for outside window decoration in winter:—Japanese cypress (several varieties), Lawson's cypress, junipers (in several varieties), box (variegated and green), Arbor vitae (in several kinds), Aucuba, japonica laurestinus, and the green and golden-bloomed Euonymus. Small plants, a foot or so high, are the best for the average sized boxes. They should be planted about a foot apart along the centre of the box, and the front and intervals between the shrubs filled in with snowdrops and crocuses. The common primrose may take the place of the bulbs if desired.

## Errata.

I feel I ought to apologise for several clerical errors which appeared in the garden column of the issue of the 3rd inst. chiefly, I dare say, through my bad writing. The word "water" in the heading should have been "winter," as might be gathered from the context. In the list of plants for rockery, for "allyseum" read "allyseum," "arenaria" should be "arenaria," "hermaria," "hermaria," and "flavum" "flavum."

## ADAM.

Johann von Siberer, who has given all his fortune of a million florins to found an orphan asylum in the Tyrol, stipulated only that a room should be reserved for him in his old days (he is a bachelor), and that his name should not be given to the public. However, the necessity of attaching his name to certain papers presented the latter proviso, and has resulted in his goodness being made generally known.

Sir M. H. Beach was one of the speakers at the Colston banquet of the Dolphin Society, Bristol, on Wednesday evening. He said during the existence of this Parliament there had been a growing approximation between the two branches of the Unionist party, and he expressed a hope that before the next election those parties would be fused into one. As a Cabinet they did not fight with their full strength, as long as certain men remained outside. Mr. Goschen stated that a larger portion of the land of Ireland was now contributing to the production of food than was formerly the case. As to the suggested union of parties, that would depend more upon the rank and file than upon the leaders.

## THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

Full many a gift which had given light To those who knock at learning's door, Has perished in life's crowded fight In the dwellings of the poor.

And many a sorrow hides its head In that vast stream of human woe, And many a sin by sorrow bred Is mingled in its flow.

And eyes that shone and lips that smiled, Some think (when will the thought be so?) That hearts, like houses, are defiled In the dwellings of the poor.

Yet lives are there that, unbeguiled, Shine brighter for temptation's pluck; Are hearts, like houses, undefiled In the dwellings of the rich?

There's the poor Molly—she can tell a tale, Though but a flower girl in the street, Her eyes are dim, her cheek is pale, Yet once her smile was sweet.

"I've lived beneath a country sky— Yes, sir, and loved the wild wide blue— With sister Maggie, she and I, Were all alone, you know."

"We left; it was a sad hour, sir, When we came here our bread to win; She was a country flower, sir, And she faded in the din."

"Just like these flowers." She held them up, Their leaves were dead, their heads were low; "Yet once they drank from nature's cup, 'Tis sad to see them so."

"We took a garret. She was glad To help, we worked from dark to light, She tried to cheer me, but 'twas sad To hear her cough at night."

"I knew she pined for country air, But oh! what could I do? One day A stranger saw that she was fair ('Let me take her away—')"

"He said, in our dim garret place, And as he spoke my eyes grew dim, I saw the colour flood her face, As she turned and looked at him."

"You offer health and wealth for shame, But though I never see you more, I'd rather die with my good name In the dwellings of the poor."

"She kept her word, but still I know That a sad price her love had paid; I did what very few would do, I went to him and begged for aid."

"I said, 'You, sir, above all men, Should help her, gold would save her life.' He laughed my words to scorn, and then I came back blindly through the strife."

"Dry-eyed, for tears had gone from me, I found her on the cold bare floor, 'I'm going, Molly dear,' said she, 'From the dwellings of the poor.'"

"She died that night. I couldn't mourn, Though now the tears my eyes will blur, The whirl of life, the woe, the scorn, Were not for one like her."

"I've missed her now these many years, The woman went, her tale was o'er, 'Twas one of many tales of tears From the dwellings of the poor."

KAT BEE.

The late Miss Hadfield Ray, a Yorkshire lady, has left legacies of £1,000 each to nine institutions in that county, and similar sums to the British Medical Benevolent Fund and the Friends of the Clergy Society in London.

## WHAT IS A RUPTURE?

RUPTURE, or Hernia, consists of an escape of a portion of the abdominal viscera through an opening in the groin or at the navel. It is most liable to occur in the inguinal and crural canals, where, to allow of the passage of the spermatic cord in the male, and the round ligament in the female, the muscular structures of the abdominal walls are weakened, thus favouring the descent of the bowels, which, if not checked by palliative measures, sometimes obtains enormous and dangerous proportions.

## RUPTURE SUFFERERS SHOULD KNOW

THAT MR. C. B. HARNES'S TREATMENT has proved more successful in the immediate relief and ultimate cure of rupture than any other form of treatment ever discovered. Sufferers should call and be carefully examined, free of charge, by an experienced and skillful surgeon, who is in attendance daily at the Electropneumatic Establishment of Messrs. Harnes & Co. (Limited), 22, Oxford-street, London, W.

## HARNES'S NEW RUPTURE APPLIANCES

ARE constructed on purely scientific principles



**THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.**  
It would really seem that in the present dearth of stage news two pairs of celebrities, respectively dramatic and operatic, have charitably raised contentions regarding their crafts for the special behoof of theatrical gossip. In the difference between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Messrs. Boosey regarding the libretto of "The Brigands" the dramatist is manifestly in the right in flatly refusing to allow the music publishers to interpolate into his libretto songs written by other "hands"; and as between Messrs. Pinero and Holliman, in respect of their contention, raised in the interests of the dramatic art, whether "sketches," being brief dramatic scenes, such as "The Stow-away," ought to be given on the music hall stage, common sense as well as even-handed justice answers with a decisive "Yes." Mr. Pinero, literate and original dramatist as he is, may, so long as he can give the stage such good work as "The Frodo" and "Sweet Lavender," fairly dismiss from his mind the fear expressed in his speech at the Theatrical Fund dinner—that if the license for plays extended to music halls, the standard of dramatic quality in theatres generally will soon be degraded to the music hall level. Each will no doubt in some degree leave the other, but mainly to the advantage of the less refined and intellectual class of entertainment.—Miss Grace Hawthorne has at least one rare feminine merit as an actress—that of being steadfast for her purpose. For months, almost years, this lady has been endeavouring to play Theodora; again and again, if newspaper announcements may be trusted, has the indefatigable manageress of the Princess Theatre been thrown from her hobby, but only, like Cribb, "to come up smiling." The latest news of Miss Hawthorne is that she is sojourning in Paris for the especial purpose of receiving instruction in Sara Bernhardt's favourite rôle from the author of the play, M. Victorien Sardou. Already it is said that the English actress has expended £5,000 upon articles of personal adornment for this character, upon which she has ardently set her heart.—The management of the Globe by Mr. Fuller, consistently with primary announcements and anticipations, has proved to be of a temporary character. The theatre was suddenly closed early in the week, owing—yes, that's the right word—owing ostensibly to the leading lady's indisposition.—Mr. John Coleman, Mr. Justin McCarthy, jun., and other writers, are still in contention as regards the source whence Watts Phillips derived the plot of "The Dead Heart." As stated by the present writer long before the revival of the piece at the Lyceum, the source of the play was not "The Tale of Two Cities," but Dumas' romance of "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," from which Dickens himself borrowed the pathetic story of Sidney Carton's self-sacrifice.—The date assigned for the re-opening of the Princess, with Mr. Brandon Thomas' new drama, "The Gold Craze," is Saturday, the 30th inst.—"La Tosca," in its English dress, will be produced at the Garrick on Saturday, the 23rd inst.—The most interesting scene in Her Majesty's pantomime, if carried out with the artistic picturesqueness promised by rehearsal, will be the review by the shade of Shakespeare of all the prominent characters of his plays in processional order.—"The Red Hussar" is due at the Lyric on the 23rd inst.—Mr. B. C. Stephenson has invented a perfectly original ballet, for which Mr. Alfred Cellier is composing the music. The title is "Riches," the scene of which, representing the interior of a gigantic cash-box, shows every kind of money, bank notes, title deeds, jewels, cheques, and P.O. orders, animated and personified as the characters of the piece, which will no doubt lead the audience a pretty dance after the 2nd.

**FORESTERS' MUSIC HALL.**  
Patrons of the Foresters' must be considered fortunate in having two such indefatigable and liberal caterers for their amusement as Mr. William Lusby and Mr. Wilton Friend, the proprietor and manager respectively. There are no less than three sketches introduced during the progress of the current entertainment, one of them, produced for the first time on Monday last, being an attempt to burlesque Mr. Irving's version of "Macbeth." As a medium for supplying some capital fun, it is to be commended, though the imitations attempted by the performers are out of place at times. This is enacted by a company headed by Mr. Alexander and Miss Julia Kent. The second sketch is "The Burglar," a pathetic piece, introducing Mr. H. D. Burton and Miss N. Moore. The third, and it must be added, the best, is a negrofarce, entitled "The House of Commons; or, Let me Catch the Speaker's Eye." This is full of humour and pleasant satire, the chief characters represented finding capable exponents in Messrs. Brown, Newland, and Le Clerc. A very effective Dutch song and dance is tendered by the Sisters Preston, who also execute a graceful top-sit dance. The vaudeville and comic exhibition arranged by Messrs. Ali and Benini is good, and the remaining items are given by Messrs. H. Ford, G. Lashwood, and F. Herbert; Misses A. Rippon, J. Leslie, and F. Heywood, comedians and serio-comics, respectively.

"Flowers of Fancy," a picturesque ballet, was successfully revived at the Paragon Variety Theatre on Monday last.

**BARNUM'S SHOW.**  
"He came; he saw; he conquered," such, we predict, will be the verdict of Londoners when Mr. Barnum carries back "the greatest show on earth" to its original habitat. Judging from present appearances that will not take place for many a month. The crowds that have been densely packing the huge hall at West Kensington since the opening, testify that the immortal Phineas has found his way to John Bull's heart and purse. No wonder, either; it is not every day or every year that honest John gets such good money's worth. One might almost say, indeed, that a visit to the show is a "liberal education"—in the non-party sense of the term. The visitor finds himself instructed, edified, entertained, or excited, as his humour runs, or, if so minded, he may take all these and many other sensations in one olla podrida. The show is a combination of the Zoological Gardens, the Natural History Museum, the Paris Hippodrome, Hengler's Circus, and the Roman amphitheatre, with innumerable novelties thrown in. The menagerie alone would well repay the cost of admission; so would that wonderfully realistic spectacle, "The Destruction of Rome"; so would the museum of living curiosities; so would the triple circus. It need not be said, therefore, that the banquet provided by host Barnum for his myriad guests is the cheapest as well as the best ever yet afforded by any member of his profession on this side of the Atlantic. The performing animals are exceptionally clever, but not less interesting in their way are the living phenomena exhibited in the museum. We advise intending visitors to take full advantage of the privilege generously accorded them of gaining admission to Olympia two hours before the performances proper begin. They will find that time all too short for a satisfactory inspection of the surprising collection and the crowd there is something worth seeing at every twist and turn in the vast building; it would require the capacious brain of a Dr. Johnson to carry away a distinct remembrance of each unit after a single visit. Of the equestrianism, it may be said that it equals in grace and daring that of the famous Paris Hippodrome—no higher praise could be given—while the clowning is excellently droll. We predict, however, that it is the grand spectacle of Rome in the time of Nero which will prove the most popular draw of all. Heartily do we congratulate Mr. Barnum; he deserves to succeed in this enterprise, for his daring in planning it and the skill with which he carried it out, and now success of the most brilliant kind is assured. For it is certain that all Londoners, and many thousands of country cousins, will flock to see the skeleton of poor Jumbo, the intelligent dwarf, the brace of Kentucky giants, the bearded lady, the skeleton "masquer," the two-headed child, the walking man, the tattooed lady, and the lovely mer-

maid, not to mention the other innumerable attractions. Not one visit, but several, would be required to do full justice to the multitudinous contents of "the greatest show on earth."

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

(Though every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Questions requiring to be answered the same must reach the office by Wednesday morning at latest. Those subsequently received will be answered the following week. Selected MSS. not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope will be destroyed. Whenever payment is required for contributions they must be so marked, the amount being either specified or left to the editor to fix.)

**ORIGIN.**—The question of responsibility depends upon a wide variety of circumstances and considerations which you do not set forth.

**C. ELLIOT.**—Thanks, but we already get as much news of the sort as we can find space for.

**L. K. J.**—No; your jurisdiction is quite separate.

**J. PILL.**—It would occupy too much space. Consult a bookseller.

**R. STEWARD.**—There is only one way; you must make diligent inquiry in search of proofs that the deceased person who left property in Chancery was your great grandfather, and that you are the lawful heir. It will involve great trouble and loss of time unless you employ an agent, and that means expense.

**ELECTION.**—Altogether impossible, unless a scrutiny was called for.

**MISSING LINE.**—It can be done in some cases, we believe, but the operation is necessarily both painful and expensive. You should consult an oculist.

**AMATEUR.**—Syringe with tobacco water, or soap suds, or diluted paraffin.

**PATENT.**—You could not possibly make it yourself; that would require an extensive knowledge of chemistry.

**K. L.**—If you are perfectly solvent, not otherwise, you can make over the property either by post-nuptial settlement or by deed of gift. But before doing so, you had better settle with every creditor up to the date of the execution of the document.

**E. F. WOODS.**—Declined with thanks. The MS. will be returned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. But it must be sent immediately.

**HIGHBURY.**—No record, the event being entirely unimportant from a public point of view.

**W. J. P.**—She is very much alive. 2. 15th December, 1889. 3. We cannot say.

**FORGIVENESS.**

**GRATEFUL.**—You must eject her by the usual legal process.

**A. GRANT.**—The will is, no doubt, at Somerset House, where you can see it for a shilling fee.

**WEND.**—The marriage would hold good, but some complications might ensue. It would be wiser to give the proper name.

**WARREN.**—As you were engaged by the week, the notice you have given is sufficient.

**W. MALLISON.**—We doubt whether you could get any value for the sort in London. Try Messrs. Trevelyan. Having no acquaintance with the Welsh language, we cannot say what would be the best books to study.

**EAST.**—No; his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and he still remains in prison.

**WILL.**—You have unquestionably committed bigamy, and are, therefore, liable to punishment. You are also responsible for the maintenance of your lawful wife.

**J. G.**—You can resume charge of the children, unless they were handed over to the mother by legal authority.

**F. C.**—No record.

**PALMER BALDWIN.**—Not being acquainted with the whole internal economy of railways, we are unable to answer your question. Why did you not put the matter to the guards?

**W. PLAINFIELD.**—If very soon it would probably tend to make them this rather than fat.

**HUBBARD.**—Your letter was so hopelessly stuck together, that we could only decipher the signature, and do not even feel sure about that.

**A. A.**—You had better write to him if you feel curious on the subject. Eminent persons do not come to newspaper offices to get measured or weighed.

**LISA DE ROSE.**—The custom originated in the circumstance that steel knives impart an unpleasant flavour to fish. Silver or plated knives are now largely used instead of a crust of bread.

**J. F.**—You had better make complaint to the Local Government Board.

**H. Y.**—It depends entirely upon the prison regulations.

**W. A. DAMPIER.**—1. We have no record. 2. A little under six days. 3. Inquire at your post office; the tariff is very high.

**J. B.**—See through the county court.

**A. H. ROBINSON.**—We recently saw a road sculler at "Cyclodon," in the Blackfriars-road, but cannot say what price.

**J. D. B.**—Muller was executed on the 14th November, 1884; the five Flourey Land pirates on 22nd February in the same year.

**F. GRAY.**—If the bird is troubled with insects you had better use some of the special insect powders which are sold for the purpose.

**C. P.**—Put them in separate hatches. Never let them out. Give them out twice a week, with a little green food; the food fed to be a mash of scalded barley meal with bread-crumbs, &c.

**E. L.**—Proper food is Indian corn with a little hemp. We fear she is too ill now to cure.

**C. W. J.**—They are, we believe, of various colours, and colour is not the chief point of good breeding by any means.

**F. ELSTON.**—He has only one trial of each. Brady was hung on 14th May, Curley on 18th May, Fagan on 28th May, Caffrey on 2nd June, and Kelly on 9th June, 1883.

**SAILOR.**—No doubt the settlement you refer to gave a power of sale to the trustee.

**DEFENDANT.**—1. He may remove the goods. 2. No. 3. Yes, for thirty days, if removed fraudulently, with rent in arrears.

**A. B.**—The Act names no penalty if the landlord takes anything. Magistrates have ordered landlords to return the goods on payment.

**A. CONSTANT READER.**—The claim is statute barred at the end of six years from the last payment or last admission of liability.

**C. C. B. T.**—1 and 2. As the marriage took place subsequent to the Married Women's Property Act coming into force, the sole control is vested in the wife. 3. Not unless he obtains parish relief.

**W. A. R. M.**—See her in the county court for the value, paying in the amount of your indebtedness.

**A. CONSTANT READER.**—A license, ss. per annum, must be taken out, and stamp duty would also have to be paid by the vendor. Many thanks for the information contained in the remainder of your letter.

**J. NORTH.**—We do not undertake to teach the compounding of medicines. You had better serve an apprenticeship to an apothecary.

**HAYES.**—She can sue for damages consequent upon loss of employment.

**HATES.**—No.

**H. D.**—You must abide by the agreement, and obtain your release, you can, by suing for breach of contract. But your case is a very weak one.

**W. P.**—The Herald's College would be the best place to apply to.

**MURDOCH.**—There is no way of eradication the small, except by keeping the Russian in the open air as much as possible. It will wear off in time.

**INNOCENT.**—1 and 2. Pay her up, and turn her out if she refuses to do so. 3. No, and we should imagine that she will never be so foolish.

**J. WATKIN.**—Neither is required.

**NEBO.**—It rests with the landlord to determine what the case is a very weak one.

**F. ELSTON.**—You must find a purchaser as well as you can; an advertisement would be, perhaps, the best way.

**L. F.**—The bill of sale appears to be perfectly valid, and you must perform its covenants or run the risk of being sold up.

**A. B. C.**—The execution of repairs rests with the purchaser. You have no case.

**INFORMATION.**—Before answering your question we must ask you another. What do you understand by "the law of population"? To carry out the plan of the term means, in the first place, to increase and multiply, that being the eternal law of creation.

**MUSIC.**—Never heard of it. Ask at some music shop where they sell music hall songs.

**J. SMITH.**—Yes; a small portion lies north of the river.

**J. F. F.**—Buy a good lamp and good oil; you will then get the maximum light and of safety.

**F. ELSTON.**—He takes his nationality from his father.

**G. H. BLADEY.**—Quite impossible to say. Lison Grove is supposed to be as bad as any, and there is also a very low and vicious quarter out Kewall Green way.

**F. O. S.**—It depends upon the nature of the property. If real estate it goes to the heir-at-law; if personal, to the next-of-kin. The children would, in either case, stand in the place of their deceased father.

**SHIRAZI AND WELSH.**—1. You had better appear to the summons. 2. A license is required. 3. Your view is erroneous; they appear to have a good claim in law, having duly delivered the watch.

**AN AMERICAN FRIEND.**—It depends on the local regulations. Consult the inspector of nuisances before starting the menagerie.

**J. W.**—"Jack Allround" only deals with small household requirements. To set forth the boundaries would occupy more space than we can afford. Get a map. The new county is solely for administrative purposes.

**BLAIR.**—You had better apply to the General Register Office, Somerset House.

**W. A. R. STEPHENSON.**—1. Yes. 2. It would occupy too much space. 3. The Lord Chancellor. 4. About a quarter of a mile.

**W. L.**—You must pay the rent, and seek redress through the county court. But we doubt your getting it.

**A. B.**—One week's notice will suffice. 2. Quite legal if you were wrong to refuse acceptance.

**E. A. B.**—We have no further information.

**MISAKI.**—As she could not get married without making a

statutory declaration that she had her parents' consent, her duty would be to render her liable to punishment. You could not be prosecuted.

**H. D.**—We do not give addresses; consult the directory.

**J. ASH.**—Please to let us know to learn that our advice was attended by such agreeable consequences. Your experience of the riding school coincides with our own.

**W. C. F.**—1. Diligence and frequent practice would, no doubt, render you competent in time. 2. Absent. 3. The matter being somewhat intricate you had better consult a solicitor.

**H. YOUNG.**—Certainly not; that would have spells ruin pretty quickly.

**W. B.**—Shake the earth with a strong decoction of soap or paraffin.

**NOW TURNED THREE YEARS.**—We should think that you might safely sell the goods, but should B turn up, you must render him an account and hand over any balance left after payment of expenses.

**GROUND BAIT.**—Forwarded to "Old Isaac." Too late for this week.

**J. H. SHERW.**—Many thanks; the phenomenon is by no means uncommon when there is much moisture in the upper air.

**IN THE "SWIM."**  
BY A CITY SHARE.  
The spread of the strike fever is beginning to create a good deal of apprehension among buyers of home securities. Satisfactory as the condition of trade is in other respects, profits seem likely to be seriously diminished by the increased remuneration given to, or rather, extorted by labour. In the case of railways and gas companies this has led to an appreciable extent on the next dividend, while manufacturing concerns are equally bound to disappoint their shareholders. Matters being in this precarious position, it would be prudent to narrow commitments in home securities, always excepting Great Western shares. They have again mounted up considerably, being discovered during the fortnightly settlement that very little stock has come to market. On this becoming known, the "bears" rushed to cover by buying back before they found themselves in a hot corner, and the price jumped up at once. All this exactly agrees with the view I expressed last week, when writing "Great Westerns are being largely bought for investment; they seem bound to go higher." I now repeat that opinion, being convinced that they will reach 170 before the turn of the tide sets in. My other straight tip, Louisville, has also done fairly well, so that, on the whole, I may claim a reasonable amount of prophetic success. Looking at the present situation of affairs generally, I am rather disposed to cry "Hands off." We are standing near the time of year when the great operators usually draw in their horns, while it is almost certain that an extensive realisation of profits will take place during the next fortnight or three weeks. There are growing signs, too, of an approaching tightness in the money market—a very serious outlook for those who have accounts open. Not that I anticipate anything in the nature of a monetary crisis, but even a moderate degree of increased tension would upset the calculations of those who have been speculating on the chance of a lower Bank rate. Another reason for closing accounts is that, with the two exceptions I have named, almost all leading securities are too high to afford a fair margin for profit. There must be a shake down, sooner or later, and in the belief that it will happen this side of Christmas I advise my clients to take their profits while they can, on the chance of buying back at lower prices later on. This counsel does not apply, of course, to investments; they can be allowed to run on the probability being that a smart recovery will follow the destined shake down whenever it occurs. Indian gold mines are, it is said, to have the benefit of a "boom" at no distant date. Be that as it may, I reiterate my advice to put a bit into Oregums, which I consider the most promising of the whole batch.

**SEEK FOUNDATION.**—1. The bonds being to bearer, can be sold by any person who gets possession of them, like other portable property. 2. You are mistaken; I have never cautioned the public against such investments. All I say is that, being essentially private businesses, they are beyond the sphere of my observation. 3. There is no necessity to employ a lawyer, but if the will be at all complicated it is safer to do so. 4. No.

**ELECTRIC.**—As you have bought them you had better hold on. They are worth next to nothing at present.

**TEX.**—1. To give the recommendation you ask for would be against the rule of the paper. 2. It has a shady reputation. 3. C. C. A.—I have no personal knowledge of the firm, and do not wish to. Leave the operations you speak of severely alone; as a rule, they are traps for feedings.

**DRATCHER.**—Peruvians are merely gambling counters; Colombian are good as a "put by." You had better get rid of the Colombians before the crash comes.

**W. J. S.**—1. Of course, you must exercise your own discretion; the concern is, I believe, perfectly sound. 2. I know nothing about the enterprise.

**H. WILSON.**—1. To the fourth. 2. Not being a shareholder in the company, I cannot say. Write to the secretary.

**FARMER.**—The bank you name is as safe as any, being controlled by gentlemen of high position and great wealth. But it is questionable whether they would care to receive on deposit so large a sum in one lump.

**G. A.**—It is a reasonably sound investment.

**THE DRURY-LANE SERGEANT-MAJOR.**  
Jane Baker, the now well-known "sergeant-major of Drury-lane," was charged at the Bow-street Police Court with being drunk and assaulting the police.—Police-constable 415 E said that he was called by the landlord to the Sun public-house, in Drury-lane, for the purpose of ejecting the prisoner.—Sir James Ingham: Stop. Did you hear the landlord request her to leave?—The prisoner: Yes, sir. I was very well, and I helped to turn her out. What then?—Witness: She went back, and took up a quart pot, and was in the act of throwing it at the landlord when I stopped her and put her out again. She then became very disorderly.—Sir James Ingham: What did she do? She commenced to shout and tried to strike me.—What did she do? She struck me several times before I took her into custody.—Sir James Ingham: Well, what then? She threw herself down on the pavement in Long-acre and refused to walk. I gave the assistance of two constables, but she would not go, so we sent for the ambulance. She was placed on it and strapped down. On the way to the station she broke the strap and bit me.—Sir James Ingham: Where?—On the thumb.—Sir James Ingham (to Mr. Murtagh, the chief usher): Has he any marks? Yes, Sir James, on the skin.—Sir James Ingham (to the constable): Did it bleed?—The Constable: Yes, Sir James.—Sir James Ingham (to the prisoner): Have you any questions to ask?—The prisoner said: I bit his thumb! Why he did that by hitting his hand on the top of the rails.—Sir James Ingham: Have you any witnesses?—Defendant (looking round the court): Well, I wish—(turning to Sir James Ingham) Isn't the landlord here? Why, I wonder he doesn't come up.—Sir James Ingham called another constable, who gave evidence as to the prisoner's behaviour.—Sergeant 37 E said that the prisoner was very drunk and very violent, so much so that she had to be forcibly held in the dock while the charge was taken. She was then removed to the cells, where she took off one of her boots and threw it at a skylight. She screamed out, and made every conceivable effort to cause damage.—Sir James Ingham (to the prisoner): Do you wish to ask any question?—Defendant: It's no good asking him. His word is taken before mine.—The constable's word is always taken.—Sir James Ingham: One month's hard labour.—Prisoner: What!—Bush (the assistant-gaoler): Come along. Prisoner: What have I got?—Bush: A month. Can you sing?—Prisoner (running to the end of the dock and shaking her fist at the constable who had first given evidence): I will give you the month, sonny (loudly). I will do six for you if you hear (violently). Now, mark me, what I say I'll—Sergeant White (coaxingly): Now, be quiet, come along quietly, Jeannie.—The prisoner: All right, sergeant. (To the constable): Now, mind yer, I'll do six for yer, see if I don't.—She was then removed to the cells.

Their demands having been conceded, the gas stokers in the service of the corporation of Bury have resumed work.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OPEN SPACES.**  
Recently application was made to the Prince of Wales by the Lambeth Vestry for a subscription to the Brockwell Park fund. A letter has just been received by the clerk of the vestry from the secretary of the Prince of Wales, in which it is pointed out that his Royal highness has already given a large amount of land for an open space, which was known as Kennington Park; and that on a recent occasion the Duchy of Cornwall had been invited to assent to the acquisition of Vauxhall Park, which was more immediately contiguous to the duchy property, whereas the Brockwell Park site was some distance from the property of the duchy.

**RAILWAY COLLISION AT BLACKFRIARS.**  
A passenger train from the Crystal Palace came into collision at Blackfriars Junction shortly after nine o'clock on Thursday morning with an engine. Fortunately both train and engine were travelling very slowly, but two of the carriages were considerably damaged, and some of the passengers complained of being severely shaken. A foreman shunter was seriously injured. He was removed to the nearest hospital, and was found to have a leg fractured. Breakdown gangs were quickly at work at the scene of the accident, and the traffic was not delayed for any length of time.

The German Empress on Wednesday visited the principal objects of interest in Venice. In the evening the basin of St. Mark's was illuminated with electric and Bengal lights, and the imperial yacht was outlined with lights, producing a charming effect. The Empress, who was escorted to the railway station by an immense fleet of gondolas and barges, left Verona at eleven o'clock.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SMALL SIZE, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. For Torpid Liver and Headache.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Regulate Liver and Bowels.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Promote Digestion.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Homoeopathic in Size.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Allopathic in Action.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sugar Coated.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. You Can't Help Liking Them.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are so Very Small.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. And their Action so Perfect.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. One After Eating.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Relieves Dyspepsia.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Give Tone and Vigour to the System.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Make Life Feel Worth Living.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Everybody Likes Them.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. No Trouble to Swallow.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. The Standard Pill of the Canadian Dominion and United States. Established 1854.  
SUGAR COATED.  
HOMOEOPATHIC IN SIZE.  
ALLOPATHIC IN ACTION.  
SMALL SIZE, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
Purely Vegetable, and does not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, &c., &c.

**WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.**  
IT IS USED AND ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST.  
IT IS Palatable as MILK.  
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.  
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.  
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.  
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.  
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs, and Colds.  
All Chemists at 6d. and 4s. 6d.

**"SWEET RELIEF."**  
VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.  
VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.  
VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.  
VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.  
"64, Commercial-road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.  
"Dear sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your longances have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of tracheotomy (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive and getting on well) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for about, or perhaps had a more violent cough; indeed, it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly,  
"Mr. T. Keating."

**MEDICAL NOTE.**  
The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Bastin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief in the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**  
COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.  
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.  
COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.  
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.  
COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.  
"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU THAT KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief. If you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest drugs skillfully combined."  
Sold everywhere in 1/6d. Tins.

**"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."**  
**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE, THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.**  
FOR CLEANSING AND CLEARING THE BLOOD FROM ALL IMPURITIES, it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent Cure.  
It Cures Old Sores.  
It Cures Sores on the Neck.  
It Cures Sore Legs.  
It Cures Pimples on the Face.  
It Cures Scurvy.  
It Cures Eczema.  
It Cures Ulcers.  
It Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.  
It Cures Glandular Swellings.  
It Cures the Blood from all Impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.  
It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains.  
It removes the "cause" from the blood and bones.  
As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.**  
"A young woman, Edenbridge, Kent, Jan. 1889.  
"I thank you for the benefit she has derived from your medicine. She says, 'I owe my sight, my comfort, and my health to Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Her case was a very bad one indeed. She had been three times in the Kent Ophthalmic Hospital, undergoing one or more operations without any permanent relief. Her case was swelling of the eyelids and nose, the very worst I ever saw. The local medical man said, 'His case was blind; his nose can never sink into its proper shape again under any treatment.' But after taking a number of bottles of Clarke's Blood Mixture she began to be able to raise her eyelids a little occasionally, but she says, 'This was a cruel work and the looking through sandy water, although it was only for one second I could raise them.'"  
"She has been completely cured by Clarke's Blood Mixture. It is now three years since, and she has had no return of the complaint, and any one would now know she had had any enlarged tonsils or anything else. She does not wish her name published, but I am authorised to say she will answer any inquiries on the case, providing inquiries are enclosed stamped envelope and address their questions to the following:  
"A. B. CARLIS, Edenbridge."

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.**  
"I soon commenced to feel the premonitory symptoms of that lively and exciting disease called, with trifling light-heartedness, 'prickly heat.' All the blood in our veins shoots, darts, tingles, and boils hither and thither at a comparatively small dose of progress, rendering life by day a misery and life by night a horrible torment of suffering and sleeplessness. Then afterwards the big red blotches come out all over one's body from head to foot, and the pain is exquisite, especially under the joints where the tender skin is liable to chafing and rubbing. One is presently in a hideous state, the sores actually turn to bleeding, and the livid red pimples and blotches are so close together that hardly the tip of a pin could be placed anywhere over the body without touching one. And this detestable state of things is only known by the utterly inadequate and unimportant name of 'prickly heat.' I had a particularly severe dose of it. I was so covered with spots that my features were nearly unrecognisable, and amongst the passengers I went by the sobriquet of the 'Spotted Leopard.' The only relief I found was in Clarke's Blood Mixture, which is a decidedly good medicine to take in hot climates.—A. WARDEN, "Telegraph Service Gazette."

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.**  
"Chester, March 25th, 1889.  
"I suffered from rheumatic pains in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did any good for more than a few days. I was recommended to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I was told that eleven bottles would effect a perfect cure. I only took nine bottles and a half, which cost me 5s. 6d. per bottle.  
"It is now ten months since, and I have not felt the least pain—in fact, I am perfect in my walk, and am in as good health as ever I was in my life.  
"Moreover, I told two friends of mine, who were laid up with rheumatic pains, of my cure, and they tried your Clarke's Blood Mixture. They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again, and they say it cannot be too highly praised.—Hoping I am not intruding, I remain, sir, sincerely,  
"G. HOWARD, Sergeant, Depot, Cheshire Regiment, Chester."

**THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.**  
SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Sores, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discoloration of the Skin, Humours, and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally cured by the use of this world-famed medicine.  
IMPORTANT ADVICE TO ALL.—Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, and Sores, cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE** is sold in bottles at 6d., 1s., and 1/6d., each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 2s. or 1/6d. stamps by the Proprietors, the LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN (TRADE MARK, "BLOOD MIXTURE").

**CAUTION.—ASK FOR CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.**  
DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE AN IMITATION.



The Lord Mayor's Show on Saturday was favoured with fairly good weather. The fact that the 9th of November fell on a Saturday and the novel character of the show organised by the Lord Mayor and sheriffs drew an enormous number of visitors to the City. Never, perhaps, were the streets so full of people before as on this occasion. A larger proportion than usual of the crowd was of the better class, and the rowdy element was decidedly in the background. Most of the principal points of vantage were crowded hours before the show passed the top of St. Paul's Cathedral were filled at eleven o'clock, but further up Moorgate-street and in Portoken Ward (which is represented on the aldermanic bench by the new Lord Mayor) every available place from which any sort of view of the procession could be obtained was occupied. Carriage traffic was almost all the same with the City authorities in the procession and the approach thereto at ten o'clock, and was not resumed until the Lord Mayor had returned to the Guildhall.

The procession, which was of unusual length, included several novel features, among which may be mentioned the delegates from the "Fédération des Officiers et Sous-officiers de Sapeur-pompier de France et d'Algerie," who were followed by a detachment (under the command of Captain Shean) of officers and firemen of provincial fire brigades. These firemen marched in the van of the procession, which left the Guildhall punctually at noon: The Frenchmen were loudly cheered all along the route. The usual procession of the various companies followed. Then came one of the chief features of the show—namely, various groups illustrating the sports and pastimes of Old England—a hawking party, shooting at the butt, quarterstaff, tilting at the ring, the quintain, Maying (ladies, gentlemen, and attendant minstrels under the may tree), preparing for the tournament, the chase, the Lord of Misrule and his Court musicians, mummers, jesters, &c. These groups were very picturesque, the costumes, which were designed by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, giving a realistic idea of how our ancestors dressed. Nothing in the show produced more enthusiasm, not even Queen Elizabeth, who followed on horseback. Her Majesty was first of a group of eight English worthies who trace descent from Lord Mayors or aldermen. Of these none seemed to be generally recognised except Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell, who were well received. A procession of Lord Mayors, consisting of one representative mayor of each of the seven centuries of the municipality, supported by four aldermen and four citizens, followed. The civic dignitaries thus represented were Sir Henry Fitzalwyn, A.D. 1190; Sir Gregory de Rokesly, A.D. 1285; Sir Richard Whittington, A.D. 1397; Sir Edmund Shaw, A.D. 1480; Sir John Gresham, A.D. 1547; Sir William Craven, A.D. 1611; and John Wilkes, A.D. 1775. Their appearance excited great interest, and loud cheers were raised as they passed; Sir Richard Whittington and John Wilkes evidently being the favourites. The rest of the procession consisted of a chariot, a coach, and a sedan chair. The new City marshal was heartily cheered, and was also the outgoing Lord Mayor. Sir Henry Isaac is his State carriage left Guildhall Yard exactly at half-past twelve, the procession taking fully half an hour to pass any given point.

The procession, on leaving the Guildhall, proceeded along Gresham-street, Moorgate-street, Finsbury Pavement, West-street, Finsbury Circus, Circus-place, London Wall, Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street Without, to Houndsditch. Here elaborate decorations had been prepared, and at the bottom of Houndsditch a halt was made in order that an address might be presented to the Lord Mayor by Mr. Edwin Bell on behalf of his constituents. A stand on which were grouped over 1,000 schoolchildren was placed against St. Botolph's Church, and the little ones raised hearty cheers as the Lord Mayor passed. The crowd at this point was somewhat apathetic, and as the show turned into the Minories, hissing was heard. The procession then made its way by Tower Hill, Trinity-square, Great Tower-street, Eastcheap, Cannon-street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet-street, to the Royal Courts of Justice.

**Reception at the Law Courts:**  
His lordship was introduced to the Lord Chief Justice, Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Justice Wills by the Recorder of London. The Lord Chief Justice, in replying, referred at some length to the case of the late Lord Mayor, saying that it pointed out to his successors how to maintain and advance the honour of his great office and increase the respect of the nation. The procession having been joined by the Lady Mayoress, attended by her maids of honour, set out on the return journey, proceeding by way of the Strand, Northumberland Avenue, Victoria Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, and King-street, to the Guildhall.

The finishing touches were given on the previous night to the City decorations. Although nothing elaborate had been attempted, a great deal of taste and care was bestowed on the ornamentations, which were typical of welcome and congratulation to Sir Henry Isaacs. The Ward of Portsoken, which he represents, was adorned in a manner which reflected credit upon the decoration committee of the ward. A splendid stand was erected, flanked by Venetian masts and gay with bunting. Houndsditch was roofed with flags, much taste being displayed in the intertwining of floral wreaths with the flags of all nations. Crossing Aldgate High-street, into the Minories, the latter thoroughfare presented a very fine appearance. Like Houndsditch, the Minories had a roof of bunting, and here also wreaths of flowers relieved the drapery of the flags. On an immense yellow flag, high over the centre of the roadway, was the word "Honour," appropriately draped with leaves of laurel. Lower down upon a red flag, was the word "Freedom," and on the Tower side of the Great Eastern Railway Bridge, the word "Wealth." stood out boldly upon a green piece of embroidered canvas. The bridge was hidden to here also by a canopy among the flags of England and the United States were conspicuous. At Tower Hill, a fine trophy with Venetian masts, clusters of flags and statuary had been erected, and away to the west of Tower Hill, a seven-storeyed warehouse, at the corner of Eastcheap, was a perfect picture, to every loft and every lift being attached clusters of little flags, which gave to the immense building a festive appearance. The windows and balconies of the buildings in Eastcheap were mostly draped with scarlet cloth, and many of them were decorated with clusters of flags.

As evidencing the popular interest in the present, it may be noticed that as early as half-past five o'clock well-dressed ladies and gentlemen besieged the stages surrounding St. Clement Danes and those erected on the south side and west end of St. Mary-le-Strand, and by eleven o'clock these points of vantage were densely occupied. From an ordinary business point of view, the shopkeepers all along the Strand appeared to regard "Lord Mayor's Day" as a *dies non*; but most of them endeavoured to make up for this sacrifice of trade by letting their windows run from six o'clock to seven to a guinea a day. And it was remarkable that, notwithstanding the occupants of window seats had paid their money many hours before the payment was calculated to pass by, they were in their places as early as eleven o'clock, sitting out the weary waiting hours in the spirit of the pleasantest good humour. For diver-

sion, many of the occupants amused themselves by throwing handfuls of coppers to gaping and jollifying crowds below. West of the Law Courts, and through the City, the procession moved on, there and thereabouts, but the streets were not quite so full as were attempts at decoration. Some business premises made a semi-gala appearance by the exhibition of streamers, crimson cloth, and bannockers. As the crowded population of White-chapel and other parts of the East-end, as far as Bow and Bromley, assembled in their thousands to witness the pageant in the Minories, the crowds were not so numerous. In the West-end, so did the inhabitants of Vauxhall, Lambeth, and suburbs in the west, like Kensington, Hammersmith, and Walham Green, crowd in the majesty of numbers along Northumberland Avenue and the Victoria Embankment, to manifest their admiration of a time-honoured institution. It was half-past two when the procession departed from the Law Courts, and occupied about an hour and a half in traversing the Strand, Northumberland Avenue, Victoria Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, and King-street to the Guildhall.

The new Lord Mayor has received the following letter from Lord Rothschild, president of the council of the Jewish community of England, Henry - At a meeting of the council of the United Synagogue, held on the 5th inst., I was unanimously requested to convey to you on behalf of the council their sincere congratulations on your elevation to the high office of chief magistrate of the City of London. The council believe that the entire Jewish community will share their satisfaction that so esteemed a member of the community yourself has attained to high a dignity and their pleasure naturally enhanced by the fact that the honour should have fallen on one who for so many years has been a member of their own body, and who has rendered to them the benefits of his valuable counsel and advice. The council desire me to express to Lady Isaacs and yourself their earnest hope that your year of office may be one of unalloyed happiness to you both, and may be attended with the blessing of which, on this important day, there is every promise. It affords me great pleasure to be the medium of conveying to you the congratulations of the council, in which I heartily join."

On Saturday the annual banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers, given by the Lord Mayor and sheriffs of London, took place at the Guildhall.

The Lord Mayor, Sir H. A. Isaacs, accompanied by Lady Isaacs and Alderman Knill and Sheriff Harris received the guests, among the first of whom to arrive were Lord Ashbourne

wildly cheering as he drove through the streets. The Lord Justice was warmly greeted by Mr. J. Balfour, who had been waiting at the door, and loudly cheered. He was also met by Mr. W. H. Heath. Shortly before half-past six a cheer from the outside and a fanfare of trumpets announced the approach of the Prime Minister, who was accompanied by the Marchioness of Salisbury. The noble marquis upon entering the library, and being announced, was received with loud and prolonged cheers. In the banquetting hall, to which the guests proceeded in procession, the string band of the Royal Artillery played a selection of airs. Among the principal guests other than those already mentioned were the Greek Minister (M. Gennadius), Lord Justice Lindley, Lord Justice Fry, Mr. Justice Day, Sir James Whitehead, (the retiring Lord Mayor), Sir E. Clarke, M.P., Sir J. Ferguson, M.P., Sir F. Knollys, M.P., Sir J. Lubbock, Bt., Sir F. Goldsmid, M.P., Mr. P. Sington, &c. Mr. F. T. Barnum who was among the invited guests, was accorded a hearty welcome upon entering the library.

The Lord Mayor having proposed the usual loyal toasts, which were enthusiastically honoured, next asked the company to drink the healths of those branches of her Majesty's service which were responsible for the defence of the country and its commerce.

and his colleague, Lord Charles Hamilton, on rising to reply, was greeted with loud cheers. He said he believed it was indisputable that the Navy had advanced, not only in material strength and in question, affecting its organisation and equipment, but he believed that they had been able to make still greater advance in dealing with those more or less intricate and obscure questions which surrounded the tactics and strategy of modern naval warfare, in the absence of accurate or modern data—for fortunately the last fifty years had witnessed no great naval warfare, and the process of elucidating the operation of any such question must necessarily be to a large extent experiential, mental, but he believed that not the least of the good effects of the naval manoeuvres of the last three years had been that it had placed before the naval authorities

fact, it had initiated discussions, and suggested alterations, all of which tended to place before them in a clearer and more tangible shape the best means of defending our possessions and our commerce afloat. All which was studied and modern politics and noticed the promotion of peace or the outbreak of war, and were aware that not the least potent of the factors which tended to the peace or the civilised world was the knowledge that this country nurtured a strong and capable Navy. (Cheers)

Mr. Sandys said a strong and able staff of officers and men would be sent to command the force. He said that when at an early stage of their existence an inquiry was made by Lord Salisbury and his colleagues into the condition of our land defences, it revealed many deficiencies and suggested many improvements. They felt that all could not be supplied at once, but if it should be their fate that their record should show that they had been enabled to complete the defence of the coasting stations of this empire, happily now in the immediate future to be completed—that they had undertaken to supply with modern breech-loading guns our fortresses and imperial forts; if it could be shown that they had been able to supply our artillery with complete equipment of 12-pounder guns; if they had been able to give to our Army a new magazine rifle; if they had been able to carry out a complete system of decentralisation; and if also they had been able to touch the vital defects in the barracks accommodation of the country; and if, at the same time, they were carrying out in detail everything necessary to make all branches of the land force ready to take the field in most issues of emergency; he ventured to say that they would have left a mark on the history of this country which would add immensely to the strength of our defensive forces. At the present moment the reports they had received led them to believe that in the present year an enormous advance had taken place in the efficiency of the Militia forces, and especially in rifle shooting. They felt confident that they were aware of that fact, and that fact would form one of the most important factors in our national defence. (Cheers.)

The Lord Mayor then proposed the toast of the foreign ambassadors and Ministers, to which the Greek Minister replied.

The Lord Chancellor, in responding to the toast, said that he could not forbear to express his sympathy for the friends, and those who his deeper and nearer ties, of one whom they had recently lost, in the administration of justice. In the city of London the genial and kindly characteristics of Lord Fitzgerald would long be missed (hear, hear). They were bound to pay tribute to those, who had fallen out of their ranks, and whose place it would be difficult to fill. (Cheers.)

Majesty's Ministers, said he would couple with the toast the name of that distinguished statesman who, by the combined firmness and moderation of his foreign policy, has secured for us the peace and tranquillity which we should say, how many sanguinary conflicts. (Cheers.)

Lord Salisbury, on rising to respond, was received with prolonged cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. He said: My Lord Mayor, your excellencies, my lords and gentlemen, on behalf of my colleagues and myself I thank you most heartily for the graceful compliment which you have paid to me in an old custom—it is a well-known custom—that our political year should begin by making the close connection of our executive and municipal institutions in so pleasing and festive a manner as that which we now enjoy. (Cheers.) I am quite sure that so long as the executive, the Imperial Government, recognises the power and the value of our ancient municipal institutions, our glorious Constitution will last. (Cheers.) I am sure that when the case of these institutions is neglected or passed by, that constitution will pass from its glorious height. (Hear, hear.) My Lord Mayor, I hope that I may congratulate

you on having commenced your majority in a time of general felicitation, when prosperity, so long absent from us, is beginning to return, and all the signs of increasing industry and increasing wealth multiply around us. We are able from improving prices, increasing exports, more busy manufactures, more abundant receipts of those sure tests of a healthy and increasing country, we are able to judge that at last, after the long night, the dawn breaking, and the prosperity which our fathers knew is coming back to us. (Hear, hear.) There is undoubtedly on this bright prospect a temporary shadow. There are differences between the two great factors in our prosperity—between capital and labour—which all patriotic men must regret. (Hear, hear.) Far be it from me to utter the words expressive of a judgment on the controversy that have been raised. That requires far closer and more accurate knowledge than any to which I can pretend. But without bearing either to one side or to the other, without suggesting that those are wrong who ask, or that those are wrong who refuse, I may be permitted to say that all who engage in a conflict of this kind are meddling with edged tools. (Hear, hear.) And those who are taking interests vast and tremendous magnitude. (Hear, hear.) Whoever is wrong may have a fearful responsibility on his shoulders, for we live in a time of keen and active competition—competition among the great centres of our own country, competition with the great centres of other countries; and prosperity and success which may not be wholly due to physical condition, but which are the result of the state of the mind, of tradition are perilously jeopardised if any serious impediment is offered to the easy and steady working of that industrial machinery by which our great commercial supremacy is upheld. (Hear, hear.)

Our causes of congratulation are not, I think, restricted to our regained commercial well-being. In some political matters also we have cause to congratulate ourselves. That great sore and difficulty, the condition of Ireland, is at all events improved from what it was some years ago.—(cheers)—and we hope we may think that if some part of that renewed prosperity is due to

kindlier reasons, no small part of it is due to just and equitable government. This is not the place to touch on one matter which is raised in the minds of all by the mention of Ireland. I could not make any reference to the question that has been so deeply and angrily disputed—the question of Home Rule—without expressing my own opinion on a topic which will only venture to make a remark, which I may say is personal to the Ministry itself, and ask you to treat as the merest fancy and wildest legend, or the suggestion that any portion of the Government, or of those who support the Government, have the faintest inclination to alter the policy to which they are already so deeply pledged. (Cheers.) But, my Lord Mayor, I don't admit that the question of Ireland and its connection with the question of Home Rule. They are connected with controversies of a different kind, which it is straining language to call political, and in which in this hall I should expect for no divergence of opinion. Doctrines have been stated, and feelings have been encouraged, which are only intelligible on the assumption that you lay down as a doctrine that it is the inalienable right of every human being to have the right of self-determination. (Laughter and cheers.) It had been a bad time for the creditors. (Renewed laughter.) But in this hall at least it will be recognised that if it is a bad time for creditors it is apt to be a bad time for credit as well. (Hear, hear.) That credit will not continue unless the rights of creditors are upheld, and commerce and industry will be paralysed unless credit is thoroughly maintained. We hold it to be our duty to do all we can to restore prosperity to Ireland. We are of opinion that property is restored very different views upon the question of debtor and creditor will prevail from those which prevail at present. But the first way of restoring prosperity is to give sacredness to contracts, and to give liberty to every man to pursue his avocation and to assert his rights in peace. (Cheers.) But we do not limit our duties to that first obligation. We consider that it is the duty of the English Government to do its utmost by all the means that are in its power to promote in all parts the prosperity of Ireland, and to bring, by a renewal of well-being, the only real and lasting remedy to the ills of which Ireland has to complain. My Lord Mayor, if we pass to domestic matters, I confess that I have some difficulty—a fortunate difficulty—in furnishing any subjects that are worthy of your attention. It is the misfortune of any Foreign Minister that he has to be the subject of his own Government's department is concerned prosper and succeed, the less interest will his fellow-subjects take in the matter of that department. (Laughter and cheers.)

My lord, the matter with which on the present sur-  
face of the world we are most concerned, strange  
to say are the interests, not of Europe, but of  
Africa. (Hear, hear.) Africa is the subject  
which occupies Foreign Offices more than any  
other. All nations are showing a generous  
rivalry in their desire to make efforts  
for the civilisation of that continent so  
long neglected, and this country has not  
been behind in the race. (Cheers.) These  
associations have recently been formed for the  
purpose of pushing forward the civilisation of  
Africa, and therefore started on their mission  
with every prospect of success. But the matter  
undoubtedly in respect to Africa which interested  
Parliament the most is the question how far we  
shall be able to suppress the slave trade which

should be so diagnosed it. Happily the results of the recent years have been more in that direction than many years that have gone before. For I am glad to point to the meeting of a conference which will meet at Brussels in the course of the present month, and which forms undoubtedly an epoch in the history of this movement, for such a conference has never met before. It is not that the world has never met for the purpose of promoting a matter of pure humanity and goodwill. The conference on the slave trade—that is to meet at Brussels marks a great advance in general opinion—in European opinion—upon the point. It shows that many nations are anxious to join with us; and whenever we have persuaded all nations to lay aside the various difficulties which prevent us from doing so, the subject will be a success. The great trade of the world which we have in view will be attained. (Cheers.) But I cannot pass from the subject without expressing the obligation that we feel to the Sultana of Zanzibar for the decree that he has recently passed, by which he has laid down that all who enter this country and all who are born after a certain day shall be free. (Cheers.) It follows that after a certain date slavery will be destroyed in one of the richest markets to which

slaves have hitherto been taken. (Cheers.) My  
 Lord Mayor, there is another portion of the  
 African continent which still excites the interest  
 of the British people and the interest of  
 His City. His Royal Highness the Prince of  
 Wales has recently visited the dominions of the  
 Khedive of Egypt. (Hear, hear.) He has there  
 recognised the enormous progress which,  
 under the sheltering help of Great Britain,  
 that country has made in recent years. (Hear,  
 hear.) Peace has been restored, order  
 has been upheld, corruption has been  
 driven from the inferior tribunals, financial  
 equilibrium has taken the place of financial  
 disorder, and I believe that there is good hope  
 that we are about to commence the beneficent task  
 —a task which can only be performed by a  
 successful finance—the task of remitting taxes  
 which press so heavily upon the fellahs of  
 Egypt. (Cheers.) But that is not the only side  
 of the picture to which we have to look. We have  
 undertaken the protection and guardianship of  
 Egypt for the sake of the peace of the terrible  
 country which partly through the action of this  
 country she was exposed. These dangers have  
 not ceased.

During the recent year the Egyptian forces have twice been called upon to meet an invasion of the forces of the desert—of that organisation of fanaticism and slave hunting which has already carried so much misery throughout vast portions of the desolate Egypt. Twice the Egyptian forces have repelled the attack, but they have repelled it with the aid of British officers, of British generals, and British troops. (Hear, hear.) We cannot be certain or confident that they would have been equally successful without that aid. The danger still exists, the Kaliph is still strong throughout the vast space of Central Africa. We know it only too well in the success that has attended in every devoted Egyptian force that has had post and post, and be sure that he will lose no opportunity of trying to carry further into the bosom of Egypt the disastrous victories which he has already won at Sinkat and at Khartoum. It is necessary that we should remember these things, for there are people who suggest to us that the time has come when, with safety to our own honourable pledges, we can evacuate Egypt. We cannot do this until she is completely enabled to sustain herself against every enemy, foreign or domestic. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) We can see that that time has not yet arrived. It may arrive quicker or later. Other Powers may help us by concurring in measures which will improve the position and increase the prosperity of Egypt, or they may defer that day by taking an opposite course. But whether the day come sooner or later, our policy remains unaltered still—that we will pursue our task until the end.

Regarding Europe I have little to say to you. The difficulties that exist in Crete—difficulties which resemble more a faction fight than an insurrection—are, I am happy to believe, verging to a rapid termination, and beyond that I know of no cause of disturbance in Europe. I have read of remarks which may have been of a high authority or may not, asking whether our policy or our actions are engaged by any special undertakings with respect to the future.

I cannot help thinking that when that question is asked it indicates some confusion of mind. Our policy is well known to the world. Our treaty obligations are matters of public property, and our policy with respect to Europe and to the Mediterranean has been avowed again and again to be a policy of peace, of maintaining things as they are, leaving things as they are in that state of things as they are a sufficient opportunity for the progress and prosperity of all who inhabit all those countries without trusting anything to the hazardous and sinister arbitrament of war. (Loud cheers.) That is our policy—to retain things as they are in Europe and the shores of the Mediterranean; and if there is any particular change that I might indicate as in our judgment more pernicious than any other is a change which would deprive Europe, because of the change of the great Powers of Europe, because such a change would have the infallible effect of raising dread and apprehension and jealousy in other Powers, and precipitating us in the catastrophe which we are all so anxious to avoid. But when you pass from policy to the precise measures which on some future occasion—measures either diplomatic or material—which it may be the duty of this country to adopt, then I say if I could foresee them I could not tell you that they were—(laughter)—and frankly that it is impossible for any Government to foresee them. They depend upon conditions which we cannot foresee, and upon the actions of men over whom we have no control. We cannot foresee what they will be. It would not only be madness, but it would be an impossibility to bind ourselves as to the specific character of the steps which we should take to supply those conditions. When I think we are asked in a pessimist view of the future of Europe to become less and less relevant to the situation in which we find ourselves.

Since I last had the honour of dining with you, the late Lord Mayor, events have happened in more than one country in Europe, all which have tended in the direction of peace and peace which, as I have ventured to observe, is the desire of the rulers of all the States of Europe, or at least of all the greater States of Europe, are steadily pursuing, and which, if it is disturbed, will be disturbed by the jealousy, perhaps the ignorant action, of those feelings which we know under the name of national aspirations. For the present, I believe that the sincere efforts of the rulers of Europe have gained increased power—the barometer is distinctly rising in the scale of peace. (Cheers.) I believe I am justified in stating that the peace of Europe is now in the hands of the best qualified to judge, and I believe that the probabilities of peace are greater than they were. (Cheers.) My Lord Mayor, the inestimable importance of that consideration to the great commerce and industry of which this city is the head, I need not point out to you. I will only earnestly hope that your mayoralty may be the dawn of a period in which that hope shall stiffen into confidence, in which the prevalence of peace shall give new impetus to prosperity, in which, under its shelter, industry shall flourish, and commerce shall expand, and greater opportunities and chances of happiness shall be given to all the races and classes of mankind. (Loud and prolonged cheering).—Other toasts followed.

**THE NEW MAYOR OF CROYDON.**  
Last week, at the annual meeting of the Croydon Town Council, Mr. John H. Schmitz, J.P., was unanimously elected mayor of the county borough for the ensuing year, in succession to Alderman J. W. Hobbs, the well-known builder and contractor, who has filled the office for two years. Mr. Schmitz, who is a Roman Catholic and an ardent Liberal Unionist, carries on an extensive business in the City as a foreign and colonial merchant. The new mayor afterwards entertained the aldermen and councillors to a luncheon at the Alderman's Club, at luncheon at the King's Arms Hotel. Alderman Haggis, the newly-appointed deputy-chairman of the London County Council, came in for quite an ovation.

Though you                    Rub! Rub! Rub!  
And you                    Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!  
• You'll find that                    It's not in your power  
In the old-fashioned way                    To do in a day  
What Huxson's                    Will do in an hour!  
67- Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table Cloths, &c., keep  
as bright as if washed regularly with HUXSON'S EXTRACT OF  
SOAP. A pure dry Soap in fine powder. Huxson's leaves no  
smell.-ADVT.

Between six and seven on Sunday night, a brutal murder was committed about four miles from Athlone. A gardener named Patrick Cunningham, in the employment of Mr. W. H. Gray, J.P., of Carn Park, was walking down the lawn, on his way home, when several shots were fired at him, and then some men set upon him and beat in his skull with bludgeons or with the butt end of guns, portions of the brain being scattered about. No one witnessed the crime, and the number of men concerned is unknown. The shots were heard by Miss Gray, who was in the drawing-room at the time, but she did not think the death of the deceased, but no importance or suspicion attached to the shots, as there was a rabbit warren on Mr. Gray's property, over which the people in the locality were in the habit of shooting. The daughter of the deceased went out some time afterwards to look for her father, when, on proceeding up the avenue, she was horrified by finding him lying dead on the lawn. It is stated that she asked a man who was passing by to remove the body, but that he refused and ran away. She then gave an alarm, and several constables were soon on the spot. Captain Preston, R.M., District-inspector Chatterton, and Mr. B. Purdon, District-inspector Criminal Investigation Department, were present in a motor car. The police found near the scene of the murder two sacks of guns, which may furnish a clue to the assassins. The murdered man leaves a wife and a large family, for whom the greatest commiseration is felt, as well as popular indignation at the crime, the motive for which is unknown.

On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Kerrigan, coroner for county Westmeath, held an inquest on the body of Cunningham. From the evidence it appeared the deceased left his own house to go to the work of Mark O'Connell, a neighbour, for some wages due to him. Not returning home as the time expected, a search was made, and the body found as above stated.—Dr. Fitzmaurice deposed that there were two distinct sets of gun wounds, one on the back and one on the side, and that the lungs and chest were completely riddled with bullets. He stated that the skull and the skull was fractured in several places. These wounds were such as would be caused by blows from a blunt instrument, such as the butt end of a gun. The cause of death was fracture of the skull, though the gunshot wounds would of themselves have proved fatal.—The jury returned a verdict of willful murder against some name or persons unknown. The police have arrested three brothers named James, Thomas, and Patrick Claffey, small farmers residing in the district, on suspicion.

At the Southwalk Police Court on Tuesday, Richard James, 41, an Inbourser, was charged with assaulting William James, his brother.—Mrs. James, the wife of the prisoner, was present at Mellick's place, Bermondsey. On the previous night the accused, who was the worse for drink, had "a few words" with her, and attempted to strike her. The prisoner's brother (witness's husband) interfered, whereupon the accused knocked him down and jumped upon him. He then ran away, leaving his brother in an unsafe condition, and it was found that his right leg had been broken and several ribs injured.—Mr. Ferwick remanded the prisoner.

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[illegible]

GIVEN GRATIS.  
GIVEN GRATIS.  
GIVEN GRATIS.

cannot be too frequently read. Mr. J. W. Braden, of  
St. Louis, writes: "I have been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for  
some time past and is now giving the Hop Prescription for  
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one who has tried it will find it a most reliable remedy to  
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make two quarts, sufficient to serve two weeks. It may be  
said that the Hop Prescription is a very strong medicine, and  
hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other  
remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partially  
paralyzed, and who have been treated with a prescription of  
others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people  
who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who  
were afflicted with rheumatism have been cured. Those who  
had suffered years with indigestion and its consequences have  
had their digestive powers restored; people who have  
been afflicted with dropsy, and who have been treated with  
debility, etc., have been cured. People subject to  
an accumulation of wind and water have found relief.  
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it is cheap, it is good. Those who have not sent for it should  
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send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self  
regulation of the bowels, and a most reliable remedy for  
restless minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to  
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J. W. Braden, of St. Louis. When writing name this Paper.

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"THE PEOPLE."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 1

**WORKING MEN'S QUESTIONS**

"Colston's Day," as it is called at Bristol  
—a coronation—on certain amount of interest

...every year, a certain amount of interest outside the western city, because on that day prominent members, both of the "ins" and the "outs," discuss the questions of the day at the gatherings, respectively, of the "Dolphin" and the "Anchor" societies. On Wednesday the Unionists of the "Dolphin" had the advantage of hearing Mr. Goschen.

and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BAUGH on the political situation; while the Gladstonites of the "Anchor" had secured for the occasion the services of Lord ROSEBURY. Since the function of the Opposition is to attack, while the Government is called upon to defend, it is proper to consider the utterance of Lord ROSEBURY first. His speech was a

summed up, so to speak, the sentiments which have been expressed by the various speakers of the party, and notably by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, on recent occasions. The keynote of all these deliverances, to which Lord ROSEBERY gave

in the most definite form, is the change of role of our opponents with regard to their policy in the future. Every day brings us nearer the next general election, and although the time is far enough away as yet, our opponents are foreshadowing, with no uncertainty, the general outlines the programme of which is an appeal to the country to overthrow the Union

Administration and return an overwhelming majority in favour of the present Opposition. The most striking feature of the new programme is this—that Home Rule has (as the Yankees would say) to "take a back seat." Mr. GLADSTONE may still be pleased to say that "It stops the way," and that no serious socializing benefits can be conferred on the

English people until Ireland has got Home Rule. But his followers know better. They see that, after three years' agitation, the Home Rule cause has completely failed to make a mark on the English people believe in Home Rule or the "wrongs of Ireland." They see, moreover, that Ireland is proved to be advancing

the path of prosperity by signs and tokens too plain to be disregarded. Therefore they perceive that they must have another cry wherewith to appeal to the country. They are right. The threadbare Home Rule arguments, which failed in 1886, have no chance of success now, and will have even less chance after three years more of resolute action.

administration and beneficent legislation under the auspices of Mr. BALFOUR. Therefore they have sought for a new cry; and they have found it in what Lord ROSEBERRY calls the "working men's questions." The policy to be inaugurated by the partisans of the "working men's questions" is neither more nor less than a policy of plunder—plunder

...and simple. We do not mean to say that Lord ROSEBURY put the thing as plainly as we meant as much, as the men of the extreme Radical group, like Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STOREY; but it must be remembered that if the present Government be overthrown it is men like Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STOREY who will be in power.

The question, then, for the people of England is: What would be the effect upon them of a policy of plunder? First of all, what would be the effect upon their material welfare of the success of such a policy? Lord ROSEBERRY hinted at the answer pretty clearly. It is a policy which means at taking away the property of one class and giving it to another.

from its lawful owners to give it to somebody else—to the working men. That is the principle which underlies the proposed "nationalisation of land," the ruin of the licensed victuallers in the interests of the "temperance" faddists, and, above all, the confiscation, by hook or by crook, of the capital of the capitalist for the supposed benefit of the working man. Let

look at the matter frankly and fairly. It is clear that if this policy would really benefit the working man, the working man would be a fool to himself if he did not support it. S















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**CHRISTMAS NUMBER**  
"WEEK," price One Pa  
and of Fanny Cou

**MARKING AT HOME**  
"I have just my own  
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valuable informati  
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of 1000 for making  
Young Ladies of  
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### A PRECOCIOUS LOVER.

### A PRECOCIOUS LOVER.

According to a Madrid correspondent, a boy, only 12 years old, found in the streets of Madrid a 100 peseta bank note, and changed it at a money-changer's, dividing the spoils with another boy, 15 years of age. He then bought a pistol and bullets, and began a quarrel with his playmate about a little girl of 12 years of age, the daughter of a well-to-do grocer, whom he called his sweetheart, and whom he accused of showing a preference for his companion. As they were discussing the matter they happened to meet the girl with her female servant, and the older boy deliberately aimed at her and shot her dead. Both boys were sent to gaol, but despite his comrade's and the maid-servant's testimony, the accused says the pistol went off accidentally.

**SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.**  
Two remarkable instances of somnambulism are reported from Berlin. A brother and sister who till now were well developed physically and mentally, have suddenly been attacked by somnolency. It began with the eldest of the two, a boy of 11 years, and a few months afterwards his sister was seized. Whilst playing and in school they suddenly fall asleep; also whilst walking, standing, or speaking, so that they do not finish their sentences. If they are put to bed and afterwards awake, they try to continue the conversation which was broken off by sleep, and answer questions which were then asked also. If they are not put to bed they continue with what they were doing when awake. For instance, in the street they continue to walk on, and always arrive at their destination.

It is reported that there is a scheme on foot by the Caledonian Railway Company to construct an underground railway from Edinburgh to Leith passing underneath Princess-street.

# GORDON'S EXTRACT.

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If your Liver troubles you, and you are suffering from Disordered Stomach and Weak Digestion, you should use **GORDON'S EXTRACT.** Many Thousands of Testimonials have been received from Clergymen and others certifying to the wonderful curative properties of this marvellous medicine, which is a scientific combination of vegetable extracts, and provides the only remedy for the various forms of disease connected with disordered Liver.

**GIVES INSTANT RELIEF AND WILL PERMANENTLY  
CURE CASES OF  
CHRONIC INDIGESTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY,  
TORPID LIVER, GIDDINESS, AND RHEUMATISM.**

And it has probably received a greater number and variety  
of favourable Testimonials than any other prepared  
medicine in existence.

**LIVER COMPLAINT.**  
**LIVER COMPLAINT.**  
**LIVER COMPLAINT.**

The Rev. Dr. RICHARD, of  
Cardinal, near Carmarthen,  
writes:—"It has done me a great  
deal of good, and I can heartily  
recommend it to others who  
suffer from Liver Complaint. I  
think it the best medicine ever  
known."

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MR. W. H. HOARNE, of Long-  
ford-road, Dublin, writes:  
"I have found this LIVER PILLS  
to me good, as it acts upon  
the Liver like a charm. It is  
genuine remedy for Liver and  
Bile Complaints; also  
purifier of the blood."

—

LIVER COMPLAINT AND  
INDIGESTION.  
"A. Fitzgerald-terrace,  
Bragg, Co. Wicklow."  
"Sept. 24th, 1892."  
"Please forward me, at your  
earliest convenience, another  
box of your LIVER PILLS."

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TRACT. I have suffered dreadfully from Liver Complaint and Indigestion for over four years, and have consulted some of the leading doctors in Dublin, as they have prescribed for me several times, but did no good. I have taken but one bottle of GORDON'S EXTRACT and now feel perfectly well after a long day. I believe another bottle will leave me a sounder healthy man.

"I am, gentlemen,  
Your faithful and obedient servant  
"R. BUCHANAN."

MRS. C. FORD, 186, Tottenham street, Camberwell, writes:  
"Before using the EXTRACT I had such a dreadful sinking of my stomach, and when I took food I was in misery and pain; my face was quite copper-colored, and I had no energy whatever. I only took half a bottle of the EXTRACT when I was surprised at feeling so comfortable and a good appetite; my face and eyes got clearer, and I felt quite energetic and cheerful."

**GORDON'S EXTRACT** can be obtained of all Chemists, in bottles at 2s. 6d., but if any difficulty, it will be forwarded free on receipt of thirty stamps by the Wholesale Agents:

**MAY, ROBERTS, and CO., 2, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.**

Each bottle contains Forty full Doses, and at the low price of 2s. 6d. per bottle is the Cheapest Medicine in the World.

**GORDON'S EXTRACT.**

**PUMILINE.**

**ONE OF THE PHYSICIANS TO**

**H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES** says:—"Nothing gave my patients so much relief as **STERN'S PUMILINE.**"

**PUMILINE.**—Over 70 leading Surgeons and Physicians of the Continent have written in praise of **STERN'S PUMILINE Preparations.**

**PUMILINE.**—The leading Medical Papers in Great Britain are unanimous in its praise.

**PUMILINE.**—The **PUMILINE Preparations**, seven in number, contain the purest essences of the pumilio pine tree, which flourishes above all snow level of other trees, and which yields an extract of peculiar fragrance and potent medicinal virtues.

**PUMILINE** gives **EFFECTUAL RELIEF** in the Worst Cases of **ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COLD IN THE THROAT, HAY FEVER, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, LOSS OF VOICE, &c.** **PUMILINE ESSENCE** for inhalation, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.

**PUMILINE.**—**PUMILINE JUJUBES**—Splendid and most agreeable remedy for **RELAXED THROAT, HOARSENESS, and IRRITATING COUGH, Croup, Sings, Asthma, and Public Speaking** should never be without them.—1s. 1jd. and 2s. 3d. per box.

**SIR MORELL MACKENZIE** writes:—"It acts as an admirable tonic in cases of **CHRONIC BRONCHITIS and LARYNGEAL CATARRH.**"

**PUMILINE.**—For **GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c.** Believes pain immediately. **PUMILINE EXTRACT**—its use in Bains—1s. per bottle. Should be used in conjunction with **PUMILINE LINIMENT**—1s. 1jd. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. Also special beneficial in Throat and Chest Affections.

**DR. GREGORY SALLÉ** writes:—"I have been a sufferer from **URICATIMIC GOUT** for several years, tried Burton, Bath, and other Spas, without real relief, but have now obtained much benefit by the use of **PUMILINE.**"

**PUMILINE.**—Of all Chemists, or will be sent on receipt of remittance, with ad. extra for postage, the Sole Proprietors, **G. and G. STERN, 1, Grey's Inn-road, London, W.C.** Admirable Pamphlet on the **HOME USE OF PUMILINE** sent free on application.











